

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS

Bitter Sweet

MAY NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHTY-ONE

WESTERN MAINE
PERSPECTIVES

VOLUME FOUR, NUMBER FIVE

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Mother and Child—Waterford—Photo by Bill Haynes

MAY RACING SCHEDULE

| | | | |
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| 10th | Sunday | - 2:00 p.m. | 100 Lap Open Comp. |
| 17th | Sunday | - 2:00 p.m. | Regular Race Program |
| 23rd | Saturday | - 7:30 p.m. | Regular Race Program |
| 24th | Sunday | - 7:00 p.m. | 100 Lap Open Comp. |
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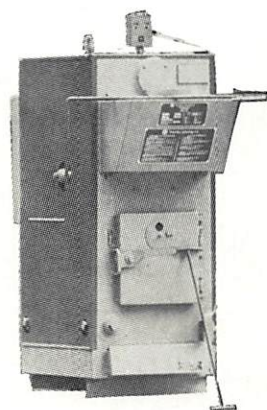
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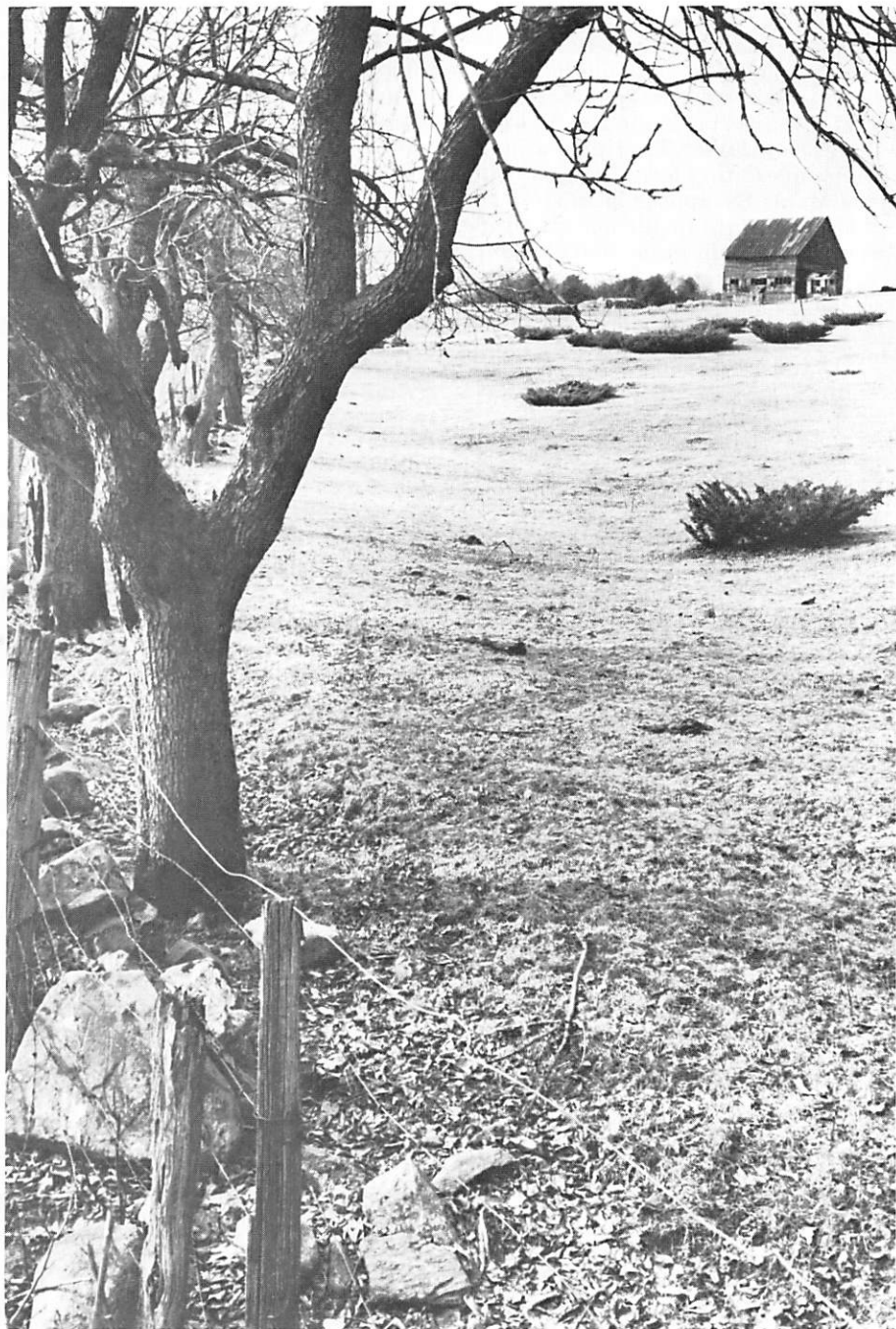
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BitterSweet Views

We received a lovely note recently from a reader who says that whenever the **BitterSweet** arrives at her house, she takes the whole day off to read it from front to back. While we doubt that everyone has that attitude, still we hope that each issue has much variety in it to captivate our readers—from people they know to topics they've wondered about among the historical and contemporary happenings of western Maine. In May we have the historical: tales of Daniel Webster in Fryeburg and the first part of the story of our Shaker neighbors at Sabbathday Lake. The interesting people are Gary Ambrose, Denmark's sculptor of exciting forms, and the Titcomb family of Allens Mills whose Maine Made Maple Syrup fills local store shelves.

Food is of prime importance to all of us in the north country. This issue tackles the subject of tofu—a mystery product recommended by nutritionists and diet groups. Marcel Polak tells us what it is and how to use it on page 24. And on the more urbane topics of wine and cheese, whether you're an iconoclast or an oenophile, you'll want to read Part II of Heading Out to Portland's Model Market.

If you're a regular reader of **BitterSweet**, you'll notice that we've begun to tell you a bit about Lewiston and Auburn—cities that are very important to us in western Maine. As you'll see in the article by Denis Ledoux on page 7, Lewiston is a city with an admirable purpose: aiming at the future with foresight, planning, good architectural design, and a lot of enthusiasm. Excerpts from that article in French give all of us a chance to practice a little of the multi-lingual heritage of Maine. (You'll see more of the same in the future.)

Add to that an exquisite short piece of fiction by Jean Pottle of Raymond (not Oxford, as previously reported) and we think you have much good reading. Maybe you'll even have to take the day off to really enjoy it!

N. M.

BitterSweet

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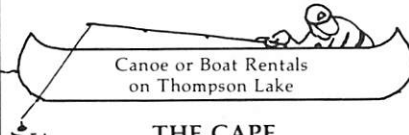
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SHAKERS: Part I

In The Valley of Love



Route 26 is a busy road slicing through Maine from Canada to the coast. Tourists and visitors travel up and down it; local people use it constantly to go back and forth to Portland—all flying as fast as the law will allow from point to point.

Along the way there is a place between Poland and New Gloucester where the speed limit slows briefly and the traveller must pass through a small community of more than fifteen buildings. This is a Shaker village—store, museum, gambrel meeting house, white frame workshops, farm buildings, and a big brick residence for the surviving Shakers and friends at Sabbathday Lake. There are ten people living there now—six sisters and four brothers.

It is a particularly lovely, old-fashioned spot where the rolling orchards above you flow down to the wooded lake below. There are white fences, plentiful shade trees, and an air of well-kept calm about the place. Most people know that it is a Shaker community—modest signs identify it.

But of the Shakers themselves very little is commonly known except fanciful tales and furniture.

The Shaker village at Sabbathday Lake is open to the public at varying times of the year. Yet the most frequently heard comment about the place—among local people, especially—is "I always drive by the village, but I've never stopped in to see what it's like."

Stopping in would be an easy enough thing to do. The Shaker store is usually open from mid-April until December. At the height of the tourist season (Memorial Day to Labor Day) the museum is also open for guided tours at a small fee, Tues. - Sat., 10 - 4:30.

Yet buying the famous Shaker herbs and teas or gazing at graceful well-known furniture would not begin to tell you all there is to know about this incredible religious community—not by a little.

The United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing had its beginning in the harsh and

unrepentant climate of a medieval English city during the midst of the industrial revolution.

Manchester, England, was not a pleasant place to be in the first quarter of the 18th Century. Society was in flux and among the casualties was the family life of the lower class. Too many people were crammed into small, dirty hovels, and the children were sent out to work early at grinding factory jobs which destroyed the mind and soul. The Church of England was in pompous

To do all the good they could to all the people they could in all the ways they could was the way that Shakers tried to bring heaven on earth.

control of the religion of the people—unable or unwilling to alleviate the suffering or guide the spiritual rebirth of the poor and downtrodden. In reaction to this, many small groups of people broke away from the

official church to form "heretical" sects of their own. The Methodists were one, the Quakers another.

A young woman in Manchester, Ann Lee of Toad Lane, was one of the illiterate poor who suffered at the cruel labor and lack of religious liberty. In 1756 she discovered a group of searchers to sustain her—a branch of the Society of Friends (Quakers) at the home of James and Jane Wardley in Lancashire. Soon these people began to break away from strict Quaker meeting, influenced also by theories of some exiled French Huguenots. It wasn't long before Anne Lee, who was subject to spiritual dreams and visions, became the acknowledged leader of the Wardley's group.

"Mother" Ann and her followers endured jailing and persecution for their religious beliefs. It was while in jail that Mother Ann's visions led her to believe that they could not find the spiritual life they sought in England.

So, in 1774, a few Believers (including Ann Lee) set sail on the ship "Maria" from Liverpool to New York. By 1776 they were established, after many trials, on a farm in Niskeyuna (Watervliet), New York.

Arriving as they did on the eve of the American Revolution, they were looked upon with suspicion—perhaps they were British spies. And then, too, they held religious views that were fairly suspect. For one thing, this band of men and women did not

believe in carnal marriage; they lived communally as brothers and sisters. For another, they believed in listening to the spirit to guide their daily actions; so their worship services were open to individual interpretations and visions—often resulting in the leaping, shouting, singing and shaking that gave them the epithet "Shakers" in the outside world.

But the little community was largely left alone to hoe a small living from the swampy Niskeyuna farm until 1780, when they decided to open up their religion to public testimony. 1780 was a year of tremendous religious revival for the new nation as a whole. In New York and Massachusetts, Presbyterians and New Light Baptists were gathering in camp meetings to search for doctrines by which to live their difficult lives and strengthen their struggling spirits.

Mother Ann and her followers were discovered, almost by happenstance, by groups of these revival-goers, and the doctrines by which the Shakers lived seemed to be an answer to many prayers.

Mother Ann believed that Christ's Second Coming was not to be one of great rapture and ascension to heaven amid clouds of angels, but rather one of quiet joy within the hearts and minds of individual men, women, and children who attempted to live daily life as angels in a heaven

which they built on earth.

According to a recent account, "That testimony was a startling one indeed for most of those still in the thrall of the Great Awakening and the millennial anticipation that had grown from it. When Mother Ann proclaimed to her hearers that 'the second appearing of Christ is in His church,' there were evidently very few who realized the full meaning of her words. All too many were ready to denounce her as 'a female Christ' and her followers as deluded fanatics. Her detractors failed to grasp the deeply spiritual significance she intended. For the early Believers, Christ as an indwelling presence had come within them. He was operative in them as individuals and as a community which gathered them within the oneness of His mystical body."*

Many converts embraced the faith in a short time, the most important of which was Rev. Joseph Meacham and his flock of New Light Baptists from New Lebanon, New York. The Shakers then set out upon the missionary course of what was to be the 200-year Shaker "millenium."

What they were preaching was not an easy lifestyle. It was a life of celibacy, communal ownership of goods, equality of the sexes, confession of sins, pacifism, individual singing, dancing, and hard work. ("We must work as if we had a thousand years to live and as if we might die tomorrow," Mother Ann told them.) But if they put "their hands to work and the hearts to God" and committed themselves to total acceptance of the spirit of God, they would find a home, clothing, good food, happiness, and a firm foundation of faith.

Followers did come. But the price for the missionaries was costly—they were stoned, beaten, and jailed for their efforts. It broke the health of Ann Lee—she died in 1784 at the age of 48—but in those four years of work her charismatic consciousness had converted thousands and spread the fame of the Shakers far and wide. Shakers were then scattered all over New England, living on isolated farms wherever converts had

Inside the Shaker Meeting House



Page 30 . . .

**from Dr. Theodore Johnson, Hands To Work and Hearts To God, published in 1969 by Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.*

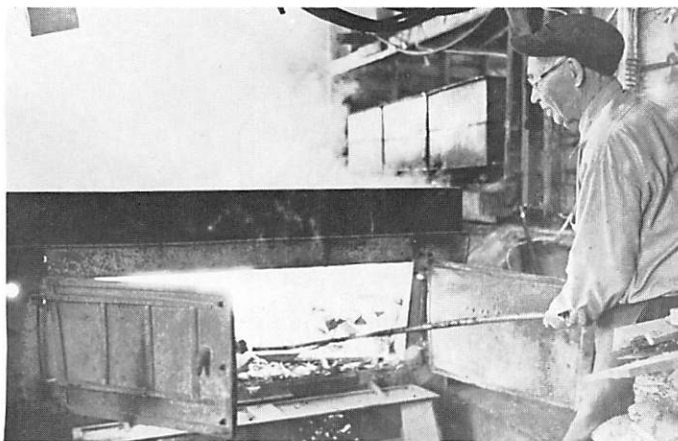


ALLENS MILLS

It came early this year, but for the Titcomb family, every spring is

SUGARIN' TIME

by Scott Perry



above: Orlando Small, who has been making syrup for 70 years, checks the amount of sap in a collecting bucket; **middle:** Raymond Titcomb checks the specific gravity of the syrup in his evaporator to see if it has boiled enough, and Orlando Small stokes the fire; **below:** rock maple from high elevations makes the lightest-colored and best-tasting syrup.

In Allens Mills the Titcomb family has been tapping maple trees to make maple syrup for over 200 years. 52-year-old Raymond Titcomb, who runs the business today, says that the family operation started with his great-grandfather Stephen Titcomb five generations ago, and that newly-acquired maple orchards and some modern equipment are all that have changed the family syrup-making process for over two centuries.

Some buckets are still used to collect sap, but most of the 3500 taps the Titcombs have drilled into maple trees this year are connected by gravity feed plastic tubing (approximately 10 miles in all) to holding tanks near the sap house where the sap will be evaporated. Preheated to 130 degrees, the sap is then boiled down in a 6-by-14 foot evaporator.

Since the short but sweet syrup season requires a tremendous amount of work in just a few weeks time, Raymond calls on the help of friends and relatives. He still finds himself working 20-hour days to keep up with the flowing sap.

One of his helpers is 79-year-old neighbor Orlando Small who has been making maple syrup since he was "tall enough to look inside a sap bucket."

"In my 70 years of sugarin' I have never seen this much sap runnin' so soon," spouts Orlando as he throws another bundle of hardwood slabs into the glowing fire under the evaporator.

Freezing temperatures at night and thawing temperatures during the day cause the sap to flow. Orlando, calling on his many years of experience, adds that with a





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above; Burleigh Crockett packs another jug of Maine Made Maple Syrup into a case for shipping

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barometric high and the wind coming from the northwest, the sap seems to flow better, too. "But the only predictable way to see if the sap is running is to take a look in your buckets," says Orlando with a wise twinkle in his eye.

Burleigh Crockett, Raymond's stepfather, takes time off from dairy farming to help out during the syrup season. Burleigh draws the piping-hot syrup from the evaporator and pours it through straining bags into a wooden box where it is allowed to cool to 180 degrees before it is bottled in cream-colored plastic jugs labeled "Maine Made Maple Products, Inc." It takes 35 to 40 gallons of sap to make one gallon of maple syrup.

Making maple syrup is more than just a tradition with the Titcombs. It's their major source of income. In addition to selling the jugs of sweet nectar right out of their home, Raymond's wife Virginia and his daughter Deborah deliver the syrup to gift shops and grocery stores throughout Maine.

Scott Perry is a Farmington-based photojournalist whose work has appeared in The Maine Times and other publications.



Before: vacant Sears, Roebuck store



State Dept. of Human Services: After

Lewiston Tomorrow: On The Upswing

by Denis Ledoux

Lewiston hasn't always been on the upswing. I can remember an aunt, a former Lewistonian who had left years before for Southern California in order to find a more thriving economy, saying to me sometime in the mid-sixties, "How depressing the city looks!"

Her words made me feel a little resentful; she was, after all, speaking about my hometown. But I had to admit she was right, Lewiston was having a hard time. Everywhere stores were closing; much of the industrial base was leaving the city. The downtown especially had a haggard look. Buildings were deteriorating and there seemed to be little money being invested to rehabilitate them. Worse, for a while there was the horror known as "urban renewal" which consisted of tearing down whole blocks and calling the gutted areas parking lots.

With a population of 42,000 (down 2.9% from 1970), the community has for years had little population growth; and, according to federal government statistics, its economy has been among the most depressed in the U.S. It was clear to everyone that the city's downtown had suffered from an insidious neglect for decades. But there were no incentives to reverse the downward direction.

Lewiston had experienced a spurt of growth between the Civil War (1865) and the American entry into the First World War (1917). Much of its core dates from this period, when hydropower from the falls of the Androscoggin River and from canals led to a boom in industrialization and manufacturing. When the textile companies began moving out in the 30's to be nearer cheaper labor and cotton production, they left the

city crippled. In the 60's and 70's, Lewiston, like many modern cities, experienced growth in its periphery—in the form of shopping centers, professional buildings, and suburban housing (the suburban population increased by huge proportions—as high as 60 and 70% in some cases!) The city's core grew increasingly distressed as growth in the fringes of the city continued.

When out-of-state corporations opened malls on the outskirts of town, the city responded by widening access routes, erecting new traffic signals and signs and expanding costly public utilities. Citizens drove to the malls, using depleting oil resources, and the downtown area grew more and more distressed. The support easily given to the malls was withheld from the downtown. Many asked why, but there was no answer

forthcoming. One store owner after another began to think of moving out; downtown was studded with empty storefronts. No one wanted to be the last to leave.

In its heyday, the downtown had not only been a merchandising district but had also provided culture in its upper floor halls (Jenny Lind and Sarah Bernhardt performed there; one of the halls saw the North American premiere of the German opera *Faust*, translated into French by a local Franco-American). The area also housed elementary and secondary schools and many apartments. Little of this, however, had survived into the 70's.

"I can remember when downtown Lewiston was a lively place. People looked forward to going there," says Tony Michaud, president of **Lewiston Tomorrow**, the energetic

downtown redevelopment corporation which formed in 1977. "I guess you'd have to admit that, in the last twenty years, downtown Lewiston got tremendously distressed. People didn't want to go downtown to the shopping district anymore. It was getting to be a sad place."

By 1977, downtown Lewiston merchants were once again questioning their viability as a retail community. For the last twenty years, ambitious revitalization plans had floundered and left Lewistonians cynical as to the prospects of changing the downflow of things.

The catalytic element reversing the inertia, according to many (including Michaud), was the release of plans by a New York development firm to build Maine's second largest shopping center across the Androscoggin River in Auburn. This was the straw (if you can call a mall that size a "straw") that broke the cynic's back.

In response to the challenge of such slick competition for an already reduced market, downtown merchants organized **Lewiston Tomorrow** in June of 1977. That August the group was ready to sponsor its first open meeting. Over 250 merchants, municipal officials, and interested citizens attended. The overwhelming response was that the downtown had to be saved. Study committees of six to ten people were created that evening which met regularly for the next few months to chart courses of action.

Topics of study had been carefully chosen. For instance: what was the parking situation downtown and how did it affect the pedestrian flow? Parking spaces were counted and monitored. Surveys were conducted to assess attitudes of commuting shoppers. Other questions addressed included public transportation to and from the downtown, the viability of existing buildings for development, pedestrian activities and amenities, the possibilities of financing, and existing and possible avenues of implementation of change.

Tony Michaud notes that it was "as if people were closing their eyes and seeing the downtown they wanted. Then they began expressing their dreams. They began seeing a beautiful downtown, a downtown with attractive buildings, trees, a sense of life."

Within a short time, downtown

merchants and banks had pledged \$50,000 towards hiring a staff and opening an office for the realization of these dreams. The city received a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts to hire architectural firms to illustrate plans for downtown. Public meetings were held to exchange ideas with the architects for critique of the plans.

The city appropriated \$200,000 for low-interest loans to downtown merchants to help finance renovations and expansion.

"It was as if people were closing their eyes and seeing the downtown they wanted. Then they began expressing their dreams."

—Tony Michaud

For many of the people involved it was an exciting time, a time when it seemed, at last, that the plans to revitalize the decaying downtown would materialize. In comparison to what eventually evolved, the early plans now seem modest. More ambitious realizations were awaiting Lewiston.

"The downtown is a repository of a city's image. It is what people think of when they think of the city itself. Revitalization therefore makes economic sense."

—Ralph Nodine

At about the time that Lewiston was organizing itself for revitalization of its downtown, the federal government enacted the Urban Development Action Program (UDAP) to help cities like Lewiston redevelop their dilapidated center city. Generally UDAP stipulates that, for every three dollars committed from the private sector, the federal government will provide one. This money is to be made available to cities which have demonstrated a broad public and business support for change, a private enterprise commitment to finance change, and municipal co-operation in enacting it.

Independently of the federal program, Lewiston Tomorrow had already met these criteria as it

proceeded to chart its own future course. Lewiston bankers and merchants were therefore able to assemble an impressive total package of twenty-two million dollars.

The Urban Development Action Grant (UDAG) provided \$3.2 million while \$19 million came from other sources (private money as well as city and state funds and additional sources of federal money).

The grant proposal was submitted in February of 1978 to the Department of Housing and Urban Development and the grant itself was awarded to Lewiston Tomorrow the following April. Though a lesser financial item in the total available funding, UDAG remains an important incentive.

Some of the features of the overall package include a loan pool of \$5.75 million to buy and rehabilitate downtown property and to provide capital. The Small Business Administration agreed to guarantee loans in the UDAG area. There is an elevator-grant program to help make upper stories more attractive. (According to Lewiston Tomorrow, over five acres of upper-floor office space are still available.)

The revitalization money is at work right now. Already apparent are remodelled storefronts, new merchandising space, and the refurbished hulk of the fire-damaged Masonic Building. Now known as the Gateway Building, that project site at the corner of Lisbon and Main Streets contains both retail spaces and apartments. The downtown is once again becoming a place where people choose to live.

"It's only beginning," says Ralph Nodine, Lewiston Tomorrow executive director. "Many of our funds are yet to be tapped. Also, some of the moneys are available through a loan pool which will continue to circulate in the community in years to come. As property values go up, so will the tax base and the city's ability to further help us revitalize. Things look good for downtown Lewiston."

"The downtown is a repository of a city's image. It is what people think of when they think of the city itself. Revitalization therefore makes economic sense. A depressed downtown gives the whole community a depressed sense of itself and, in addition, it erodes the tax base," Nodine continues. "A vigorous down-

town gives people, both local and non-local, a sense of confidence in the community's future. No one likes a loser."

"People are realizing that a revitalized downtown is smart. It represents a concentration of merchandising outlets along with professional offices. Downtown Lewiston is hoping to capture a major share of the city's office space. Rehabilitation is cheaper than new construction. Tax breaks must help it along."

In Lewiston, an expanded municipal bus system brings ever more people to the inner city to shop and to do business with doctors, lawyers, state agencies. A new state human-services headquarters is now housed in the store left empty when Sears-Roebuck moved several years ago to a shopping center on the fringe of town.

Human Services Commissioner Michael Petit says "our new offices will help enhance the growth of the downtown section, and they are located in the mainstream of activity where possible expansion of other state services can occur." An earlier plan to build a new human-services building on the periphery of town would have necessitated more new access routes, traffic signals, and utilities—all the while leaving an empty space downtown.

Lewiston Tomorrow president Michaud hopes that "going downtown will be fun again. It's not only going to be a place to shop, but also a place to meet friends and to relax." For several summers, in an attempt to lure people downtown, merchants have regularly presented mid-day street entertainment. This has included mime, singing, dance, and drama. The entertainers have been both professional and amateur.

A new parking garage is being erected to make the handling of additional cars downtown a real possibility.

According to Michaud, the key to revitalization is "people involvement. Get people involved. Go around asking 'What do you feel we need?' Those who know best what awful prices cities pay for being run down are the people who own businesses and buildings downtown. They are the ones being affected by the urban decay.

"Discussions, private and public,

are essential. All of this requires *hard* work. Many people have to be involved in legwork, organizing meetings, writing press releases, contacting television and radio people. The surprising thing about all of this, though, is that all this hard work generates more energy to keep going."

A caveat is that "many communities do not realize how important leadership is to get a move on things. Get key people involved in downtown revitalization: bank presidents, not vice-presidents; business owners, not managers; city department heads, not assistants.

Once you've aroused interest in these people remember that they're busy, important people. Show your respect for them by conducting businesslike meetings, presenting thoughtful agendas, and sending reports out to both those who attend the meetings and those who were absent.

...a city making use of its particular talents and opportunities to give itself a promising future.

"Cities and towns seeking revitalization need to create unity, a sense of community in the downtown merchants. Most, if not all of them, will be agreeable to making the center city a more viable merchandising district, but they need guidance and assistance. Leadership is essential. Find someone who can decipher the community's wishes and who can help give substance to the will of the group."

"Two factors distinguish Lewiston from other cities," Ralph Nodine points out. One is the intense involvement of the downtown merchants in revitalizing their area. Then, they went to the public for support. The impetus was from the private to the public. The second factor was the inception of the federal Urban Development Action Program. The UDAP provided money to communities which could generate the solid broadbase commitment to revitalization which Lewiston had already independently mustered."

Because of its unique combination of private initiative and public support, Lewiston is considered a model of urban revitalization.



*Before: fire-gutted Masonic Building
After: Renovated as the Gateway Building*



Lewiston Tomorrow has sponsored seminars for other communities wishing to help their downtowns. Officials from around the country have called on Lewiston Tomorrow for help in their efforts. The national Department of Housing and Urban Development has been known to channel calls for information on urban revitalization to Lewiston activists in the redevelopment effort.

On the docket for 1981 are the completion of a new 364-space parking garage on Canal Street and the creation of "environmental improvements" such as narrowed roadbeds downtown to widen sidewalks and reconstruct them with a curbless design. Trees, benches, and canopies will grace the area. Traffic will be re-routed from the lower Lisbon Street area to create a pedestrian zone. Officials hope to entice more groups and businesses into second and third-floor spaces.

Also happening in 1981 is a large, private project to renovate the former Department of Human Services building into a mini-mall for retail and office use.

Lewiston is a city which is gaining a new life. It is becoming once again a lively place where peoples and cultures can meet, a crossroads where (if only in a small way) Central Maine

civilization can evolve rather than stagnate.

If my aunt were to return to Lewiston today, she would still undoubtedly miss her palm trees and find life moving at a slower pace here than it does in Southern California, but she would also find a city which is making full use of its particular talents and opportunities to give itself a promising future.

A Lewiston native, Ledoux is now a teacher and free-lance writer in Buckfield where he lives with mate Martha Blown and infant daughter Zoe.



LEWISTON EN PROGRES

Lewiston et une ville qui prend avantage à une nouvelles vie. Elle encoure une ville vivant et culture, que le peuples se rencontre, cet dans le central du Maine qu'on ce rencontre su carrefour ou plutôt etre stannant.

La ville de Lewiston na pas toujours ete une ville progressive. Je me souvien d'une du mais tante qui me disait que Lewiston dans les annees en 1960 que la ville etait bien deprimer, elle est partie pour le sud de la Californie, pour trouver plus d'economie prospere.

J'ecouter ses mots avec soumission, après tous elle parlait de ma ville natif, mais ils fallait que je l'admetre quelle etait bien, Lewiston avais de la misere survive. Partout nos beau magasin ferme leur porte; et la basse l'industrie. Su aussi bien notre rue principal, acela avais mauvaise apparence, le batisse deteriorer, ils avait pue d'argent pour les rehabiliter, ils avait une horreur pour retablir la ville consister de jeter des batisse par terre, pur faire des stationnement d'auto, quille ets connues comme "renouvelable urbain."

Dans ces beaux jours memorable la ville était pas seulement un district de commercial, la ville à donné de la culture dans les salles d'enhaut, des actrices (comme Jenny Lind et Sarah Bernhardt donne grand spectacle; une de cet salle a vue un premier

dans l'Amerique du nord, l'opera de *Faust* traduire de L'Allemand en Francais, par un Franco-American). La region loge des écoles primaire et secondaire, et beaucoup de logement, peu de ceus survive en 1970.

"Je me rapelle que la ville de Lewiston était vivante. Le monde sans faisse un plaisir d'on jonir." dire Tony Michaud, president de Lewiston Tomorrow, une cooperation qui été formé en 1977. "Je peu penser et aussi admettre que la ville de Lewiston dans ces derniere année à ete affliger les citoyen ne venait plus faire leur achat en ville la grand rue était bien deprimer."

Les element cataleptiques renverse la force d'inertie, en accord avec plusier personnes (comprenant Tony Michaud), un plan a été executé par un etablissement de New York de battre un second promenade qui sera le plus grand dans le Maine, dans Auburn, l'autre côté de la riviere Androscoggin. C'était la dernier refetu (si on peut appeler un promenade de cette façon fetu, avec grand). La reponse était defier avec competition, pour un marché déjà abaisse, une organization fut formée par des marchands, en Juin, 1977.

Tony Michaud remarque, "que ces comme si le monde se ferme les yeux, en voyant la ville qu'elles voulait. On a commencer à expressés nos rêves. Ils on vues une belle rue et un Lewiston avec des edifices attrayant, aussie des arbres qui fait sense de vie."

Et dedant peu de temps, les banques et les marchands à fait une promesse cinquante milles de dollards, pour engager du monde pour travailler dans ces offices pour réaliser leur rêves. La ville de Lewiston à approprié deux cent milles dollars avec l'interest bas un enprunt pour les marchands en ville pour finacer la renovation et expansion. Ils fallait avoir engager un architecte, ils donne dans plan de notre ville.

Plusieurs personne s'engage dans un temps hecétique, et set un temps excitant, enfin les plande revision de notre ville.

A peu pres le temps que Lewiston était apres se organiser pour reviser sa ville le gouvernement federal se confie avec l'Urbain Development Provision Action pour aider les batisse en ruine.

UDAP fait une provision qu'ua chaque trois dollars qui se commetre

pour chaque district le gouvernement general en donne un dollar, cette capital se fait valloire à tous les villes et le support des marchant, cette argent et disponible a tous les ville qui demonte une public grand le support des commerce, des entreprise privée, et faire des changes financier, et la cooperation municipal en degree.

Independent du program federal Lewiston avait déjà recontré et verifier dans le cours de la charte, Lewiston se met en démarche avec le banquiers, et les marchands, qui était capable ressembler un total impressive de vingt deux million dollars.

La revision de l'argent et déjà à l'ouvrage, cest évident que les magasin refondre leur facades des merchandise nouvelles, des nouvelles espace de marchandise, la carcasse de la batisse masonic detruit par le feu, et maintenant connue Porte Cochère, cette batisse et angle des rues Lisbon et Main, elle continue des commerce et logement. La ville encore une fois une place que le monde fait le choisis de visiter.

"Cest seulement le commencement," dit Ralph Nodine, le director executive pour Lewiston Tomorrow. "Beaucoup de fonds son taper. Et cette argent. Elle bas se circular dans la communauté pour des annees à venir. La valeur des proprieter monte, et aussi la base de tax, la capacité de la ville aide a se reviser, les choses regarde bien pour Lewiston."

A cause de sa combination unique des initiateur privée, et le support public, Lewiston et considerer un model urbain de revivre. Lewiston en progré repondre à d'autre communautés qui desire dans leur efforts. Le Department National pour Logement et aussi la Development Urbain, et par entremise d'information pour revive l'urbain de Lewiston.

This French translation of excerpts of the Lewiston Tomorrow story is an experiment. It was translated for us by Lucienne Dupuis of Auburn, president of the Dames Jacques Cartier. Mrs. Dupuis, a widow for 18 years, is the grandmother of 17 and great-grandmother of four and does a lot of knitting and crocheting. We hope to feature more stories for our various multi-lingual readers in the future.

When Daniel Webster Taught At Fryeburg

The generous gift by Judge James L. Gibson to Fryeburg Academy in 1918 of an oil painting of Daniel Webster makes it fitting that the students and friends of the Academy and the citizens of the town come together for an hour and direct their thoughts to Fryeburg Academy, to the great man who was one of its earliest teachers, and to the association of Maine with Webster in his early manhood. The painting is either from an old daguerreotype of Webster in his middle age, or it is from a copy of the painting by Healy, painted in 1848 as a companion portrait to that of Lord Ashburton.

This portrait of Webster will always add distinction and dignity to the Academy, as his statue does to the National Capitol. No man ever looked on Webster's face and failed to carry its impression with him throughout life. As was said of him by a great statesman of Massachusetts: "His stately presence was the chief ornament of Boston and Washington for a generation. When he walked, a stranger, through the streets of London, the draymen turned to gaze after him as he passed."

Sidney Smith said of him, "He is a cathedral by himself." Carlyle wrote to Emerson of him: "The tanned complexion; that amorphous craglike face; the dull black eyes under the precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces needing only to be blown; the mastiff mouth, accurately closed. . ."

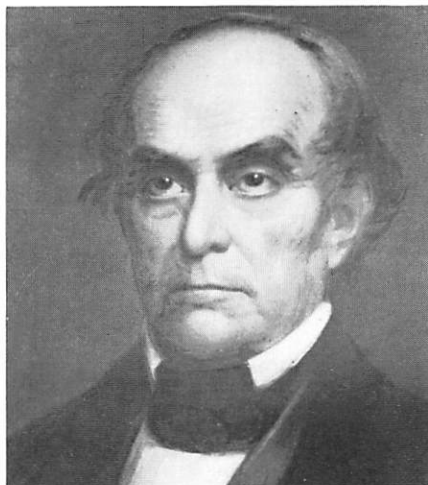
Fryeburg Academy has the honor of being the means of associating Webster in his early manhood with the State of Maine. His term of service during the nine months constituting the year of teaching in Fryeburg Academy in 1802 marks a distinct era in the school. It is well to draw our attention to the town of Fryeburg in 1802 when Webster came here as a young man of twenty, just graduated from Dartmouth College.

Fryeburg was a young town. The first approach to a settlement of it had occurred just forty years before; it

had been incorporated as a town but twenty-five years, its incorporation dating from 1777. Before that, the whole neighborhood, including Conway and Fryeburg, had been known by the Indian name of Pequaket or Pigwacket. Here was the Indian's stamping-ground. The name signifies "the crooked place," referring to the sinuous course of the Saco. This winding river was made straighter and more useful by the canal built in 1816. "Here from his wigwam door," says the historian, "the Indian could step into his canoe, . . . fishing and hunting on a circuit of nearly a hundred miles, to drop at last into Lovewell's Pond, landing but three-fourths of a mile from his starting point."

Darbyfield, 1642, is now credited with being the first explorer of this region of the White Mountains. Whittier has made Darbyfield's name memorable:

*From the heart of Waumbek-
Methna, from the lake that
never fails,
Falls the Saco in the green lap of
Conway's Intervales.
There in wild and virgin freshness
its waters foam and flow,
As when Darbyfield first saw them
two hundred years ago.*



The grant of the lands of the town was made to General Joseph Frye. It is interesting to look at the Act of Incorporation of the town in 1776:

Whereas the inhabitants of that tract of land, consisting of proprietors and non-proprietors promiscuously settled thereon, having lately been united in ordaining a minister of the Gospel among them, are desirous of uniting in the expense of his support, of building a meeting-house and other public charges of the place, but cannot lay a tax upon themselves for those purposes, till said tract of land is incorporated into a town.

Then follows the Act of Incorporation. This Act corrects the mistake which had been made in the former grant to General Frye of over four thousand acres, which proved to be in the state of New Hampshire, the state line, in fact, running easterly of what it had been supposed to be. I call attention to this language which makes the ordaining of a minister of the gospel the leading thing about the settlement of the town. This suggests the old order of things. In the Puritan idea, the town, as well as the college was organized for the purpose of inculcating the principles of religion as well as of education. The minister was a part of the town and was paid by the town.

When Webster came to Fryeburg in 1802 the Puritan idea still prevailed. The Church and the State had not been fully separated. . . Education was for the purpose of enlarging the usefulness of the New England clergy. Harvard College was chartered in 1638 to supply primarily to the Church and incidentally to the State a body of learned ministers of the Gospel; and this idea of education entered into the formation of colleges as late as the formation of Bowdoin College in the last years of the 18th century.

I have an old sermon preached at the dedication of the building of Fryeburg Academy, June 4, 1806 . . .

Martha Blowen wedding soloist

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this sermon was by the Rev. Nathaniel Porter of Conway, and closes with this typical, Congregational and Puritan benediction, which has the religious touch of the time: that "you and your children may enjoy and improve all offered advantages for instruction in the knowledge of God and useful literature. That generations successively rising up in their fathers' footsteps may be the exemplary patterns for truth; the firm friends of education and order, the props and ornaments of civil and religious society, until the sun shall rise and set no more."

When Webster came here it had been only 77 years since the great Lovewell fight of 1725 at Lovewell's Pond in this town, which was spoken of by historians as the most important battle ever fought in Maine.

Fryeburg was one of the most interesting and important of the towns of Maine. Her settlement was the first bold push into the interior of the State, the first to break away from the tidewater and coastwise communication with Massachusetts. Maine at her incorporation was just recovering from the savage attacks of Indians, which had ceased only at the end of the French wars about 1760. So merciless had been the inroads of savages that the inhabitants of Maine in 1750 were less than ten thousand souls; although fourteen years from that time the census gave Maine about twenty-four thousand inhabitants; and, according to Willis, this population had increased at the beginning of the 19th century to 151,718.

Fryeburg was then in York County and was the seat of the Southern Registry District of that county. Oxford was created three years after, in 1805. Cumberland and Lincoln Counties were taken from York and incorporated only 42 years before, in 1760. Portland was then a border country village, numbering only a little more than three thousand inhabitants. It had only one newspaper; the other newspaper in the state was printed here in Fryeburg. It was a time of great financial depression. We had not escaped from foreign complications and European politics. . .

We have seen what Fryeburg was when Webster came to the town; let us

now turn to Daniel Webster when he came to Fryeburg in 1802. Even then Mr. Webster was impressive in appearance. His wonderful, lustrous face had begun to attract the attention of the world.

His birth in 1782 was in a plain frame house at the northern end of the township of Salisbury, N.H., deep in the wilderness, near the upper waters of the Merrimac and in the shadow of Kearsage. Between that hill and Montreal were two hundred miles of unbroken pine forests with prowling Indians and wolves.

Ebenezer Webster, Daniel's father, was a man of marked character, but without education. He was in the troop known as "Rogers' Rangers" during the French War, and at the peace of 1763 returned home with the rank of Captain. Shortly after his return he married and went and found the town of Salisbury deep in the wilderness. By 1775 the town had become more populous and afforded Captain Webster the opportunity to raise 200 men for Revolutionary service. He was at the Battle of Bennington and at West Point on the night on which Benedict Arnold fled in the *Vulture*. Everyone was under suspicion, but Capt. Webster was placed in command of the guard at headquarters, and was told by Washington: "Captain Webster, I believe I can trust you." Late in his life Daniel Webster said to his son Fletcher, "I should rather have it said upon my father's tombstone that he had guarded the person of Washington and was worthy of such a trust, than to have blazoned upon it the proudest insignia of heraldry that the world could give."

Captain Webster represented his town as representative and senator in the New Hampshire legislature, and he was also a side judge in the Court of Common Pleas, serving with Judge Jeremiah Smith. As he afterwards told his son, he could easily have gone to Congress if he had been educated. This emphasized to him the value of an education, and made him ready to mortgage his farm and give up nearly all worldly possessions in order that his two sons, Daniel and Ezekiel, might have a college education. He was a man of tenacious memory, broad intelligence, and tireless industry.

He had five children during his first marriage and five during his second

WRITING CONTEST

For all High School and College Students

BitterSweet is sponsoring a writing contest for all high school and college students. The deadline for the contest entries is June 1, 1981. The categories are Prose (factual articles about people and events, current or past, at least 500 words); Fiction (500 words or more); and Poetry of any length. Please submit typed, double-spaced on 8-1/2 x 11 size paper, with author's name and address, teacher's name and school to Post Office Box 6, Norway, Maine 04268. We're sorry that we cannot return entries, so please do not send your only copy. Remember—deadline is nearly upon us: June first.



Ice Melting on Muddy River Outlet, © 1981 by Scott Perry

PHOTO CONTEST

What is the essence of life in Maine? To us it is BitterSweet—it is the lovely frost patterns on the windows even though your house is frozen. It is the way chopping wood warms you twice. It is the glorious sunset at the end of a scorching summer day. It is autumn's consolation in a riot of colored leaves. It is being snowed in and missing school. It is truly both bitter and sweet.

If you feel you have captured the bitter/sweet essence of life in Maine with your camera, we want to see your photographs. One will be chosen each month for publication in the magazine. In our end-of-the-year double issue a cash grand prize for the best of the submissions will be awarded and the winner will be published on a subsequent cover.

We prefer good-quality black and white prints, but are also interested in spectacular color slides. This contest is open to anyone. Please send a stamped self-addressed envelope for return of your photos. Mail them to Post Office Box 6, Norway, Maine 04268.



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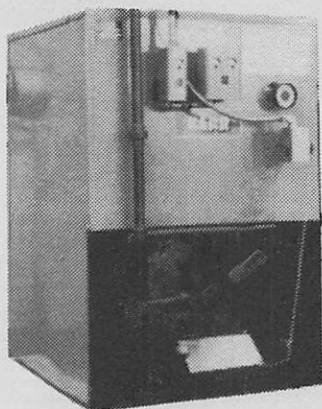
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married life with Abigail Eastman, a lady of rare intelligence and great strength of character whom he married in 1774. Daniel was one of the children of the second marriage.

He was a puny boy, too delicate for hard work; and so he was allowed to play and fish and hunt much of the time. He read every book within his reach and remembered every word he read. He attended school in the vicinity of Salisbury, and the master records that Daniel was much the brightest scholar he ever had, and that he told Daniel's father that "He would do God's work injustice if he did not send both Daniel and Ezekiel to college."

In 1796 Daniel was sent to Phillips Academy, Exeter. He was then so shy that he found it impossible to stand up and speak pieces; but even before going to Exeter he had begun to show the dignity and great personal attraction which was always a part of him. When he applied for admission to the school, the principal, Dr. Benjamin Abbott, not being able to examine him, the duty fell upon the usher, Joseph S. Buckminster, who was afterwards destined to strongly influence the religious life of New England. He conducted the examination with pompous ceremony. Summoning Webster before his presence, he put on his hat and said, "Well, Sir, what is your age?" "Fourteen," Daniel replied. "Take this Bible, lad, and read that chapter." The passage given him was St. Luke's dramatic description of the conspiracy of Judas with the chief priests and scribes, of the Last Supper, of the betrayal by Judas, of the three denials of Peter, and of the scene in the house of the high priest. Young Daniel was equal to the test. He read the passage to the end in a voice of such fervency and dignity that the usher put no more questions but said, "Young man, you are qualified to enter this institution." That voice and manner never forsook Webster.

Daniel entered college at fifteen; he was easily the first man in college. He was not primarily a scholar. He had a great power of rapid acquisition; but he learned nothing unless he liked the subject. He had a wonderful power of telling all he knew. He read everything. His college course showed the range of his mind, not the depth nor soundness of his

scholarship. The faculty recognized him as the most marked man who had ever come among them. He had all the promise of a great man. He was from the first full of dignity and seriousness, and he soon overcame his bashfulness and acquired a great power of speech. His voice was music: he loved to hold the attention of an audience.

He practiced offhand speaking and in his senior year was selected by the Town of Hanover to deliver the 4th of July address. In this address Webster preached love of country, devotion to the Union, the grandeur of the Constitution, and the nobility of the American Union. His style was then ample, florid, somewhat pompous, but his thought and reading soon corrected those youthful errors.

After his graduation in 1801, Mr. Webster returned to his native village of Salisbury, entered the office of a lawyer next door to his father's house, and began the study of law. Here for some months he read law and literature, and led something of an outdoor life. Before the year was out he was obliged to take an intermission in his legal studies and go to teaching school.

In Webster's Autobiography, he thus fully describes his Fryeburg experience:

Being graduated in August, 1801, I immediately entered Mr. Thompson's office in Salisbury, next door to my father's house, to study the law. There I remained until January following, January, 1802. The necessity of the case required that I should go somewhere and gain a little money. I was written to, luckily, to go to Fryeburg, Maine, to keep school. I accepted the offer, traversed the country on horseback, and commenced my labors. I was to be paid at the rate of three hundred and fifty dollars per annum. It was better certainly than following the plough. It so happened that I boarded at Fryeburg with the gentleman, James Osgood, Esq., who was Register of Deeds of the then newly created County of Oxford. He was not clerical in and of himself, and his registration was to be done by deputy. The fee for recording, at full length, a common deed, was two shillings and threepence. Mr. Osgood proposed to me that I should do this writing, and that, of the two shillings and

Page 22 . . .



FRYEBURG ACADEMY

Fryeburg Academy is still in existence today, 189 years after its founding. It's a unique school—one of very few in New England still open to both day and boarding students, in the old tradition. The Academy's excellent varied courses in College Preparation, Business Education, Industrial Arts, and Home Economics are functioning for about one hundred students from all over the world (places like Saudi Arabia, Japan, Bermuda, Canada, and the Virgin Islands). But in addition, the school serves Maine School Administrative District #72 for 400 students from Brownfield, Lovell, Denmark, Sweden, Stow, Stoneham, and Fryeburg.

The combination makes for intriguing learning experiences as the brochure states: "The sophisticated New Yorker comes to appreciate country living. The New Jersey debutante comes to enjoy the simpler things in life. A young man from a farm in North Fryeburg gets to know blacks and communication opens the way to understanding. Bermudians experience snow and the changing seasons for the first time and their excitement causes natives to look more closely at their environment."

This diversity is one of the Academy's great strengths. Championship sports—with teams in girls' track, field hockey, and softball; boys' baseball; and skiing for both—as well as activities in drama, music, photography, journalism, radio broadcasting, and the Outing Club broaden the learning experiences. The small class ratio (12:1) also helps.

The individual, intelligent approach still holds for Daniel Webster's successors at Fryeburg Academy today.



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Ayah letters to the editor

SKIING IN THE 30's

Al Wescott's article on "Spring Skiing" stirred up nostalgic memories. I was there when Toni Matt came down the Headwall. It was my impression at that time that he deliberately took that course. (circa 1938-39.)

My own skis were South Paris ash, and I didn't have hickories with steel edges until I bought war surplus skis after World War II. My favorite ski slope was Goffstown, where the trails suited my skis and the inclined railway was the best arrangement I have ever experienced on a slope.

I hope you get a response from other "veterans" of skiing in the thirties. Incidentally, my old ash skis have been recycled into a sap sled.

Alexander I. Mitchell
Kezar Falls

THEY LOVE THE SHAWS

Recently I picked up the new larger **BitterSweet** for March 1981 and was so thrilled to find the pictures and articles about the Shaw sisters of South Paris—they lived next door to me as I was brought up in South Paris. . . I do so want the next issue which is about the girls' father and his orchestra.

Stella Turner
Saco

Have just purchased and read the "new" **BitterSweet**, and really enjoyed the articles. I have been buying the magazine ever since it was first published, and would miss it very much.

I was particularly pleased this month to see the article on the Shaw sisters. It brought back memories of the late twenties when Reta's Dad and his orchestra played at the Locke Mills Pavilion on Rte. 26 on Saturday nights. As I recall, Reta was the young pianist, Roy White, violinist, Raymond Penfold and Howard Shaw made up the band. Maybe from time to time there were others. I recall Mrs. Shaw being present at the dances, but I don't remember seeing Marguerite at the pavilion. Those were the good old days when I was young.

I also enjoyed reading about "Shavey" as I have heard my

husband, who was around Norway in his younger days, tell about him. Am looking forward to seeing the next issue.

Mary (Martin) Mills
Locke Mills

LOVELY LADIES

Many thanks for sending me the two copies of your recent issue. I find the Shaw article delightful and the pictures quite handsome. I myself remember the family when their home was in South Paris and can readily agree with you that they are very fondly remembered.

Dorothy Healy
Collection of Maine Women
in the Theatre and
Maine Women Writers
Westbrook College
Portland

The material and **BitterSweet** arrived today. Congratulations on the fine article on my sister and myself. . . You did a splendid job—better than other journalists have done throughout the U.S.A.

Marguerite Shaw
Bronxville, New York

Ed. Note:

Fans and old friends of Reta Shaw will be sorry to know that she has retired from all acting work and is confined to her home with emphysema.

SOLAR HOME BUILDER

We were please to see the fine pics of our home and the article factual and well written. But I did feel I should write you that my husband (Designer, Builder, and Contractor) made our dream possible and that he is very much into "Going Solar" in all those capacities along with lecturing at numerous schools, energy fairs.

One of the main reasons for the "tours" through our home is for promotion or at least recognition of my husband's business, of which there was no mention, in light of the fact that other builders were mentioned alongside pictures of our home.

We really enjoyed your magazine

Page 26 . . .

G. Ambrose, Sculptor-Woodworker

Denmark is an archetypal New England village just beyond Bridgton on Rte. 117. It is an old-fashioned community of small capes, big barns, and rolling farm and forest land.

Denmark appears to be quite unchanged from a century ago: it has a post office, a general store, and several small businesses. It is not particularly on the way to anywhere and most western Mainers know Denmark only as the village where they go to pick luscious cultivated strawberries each summer. Most of the folks who live there are many-generation residents.

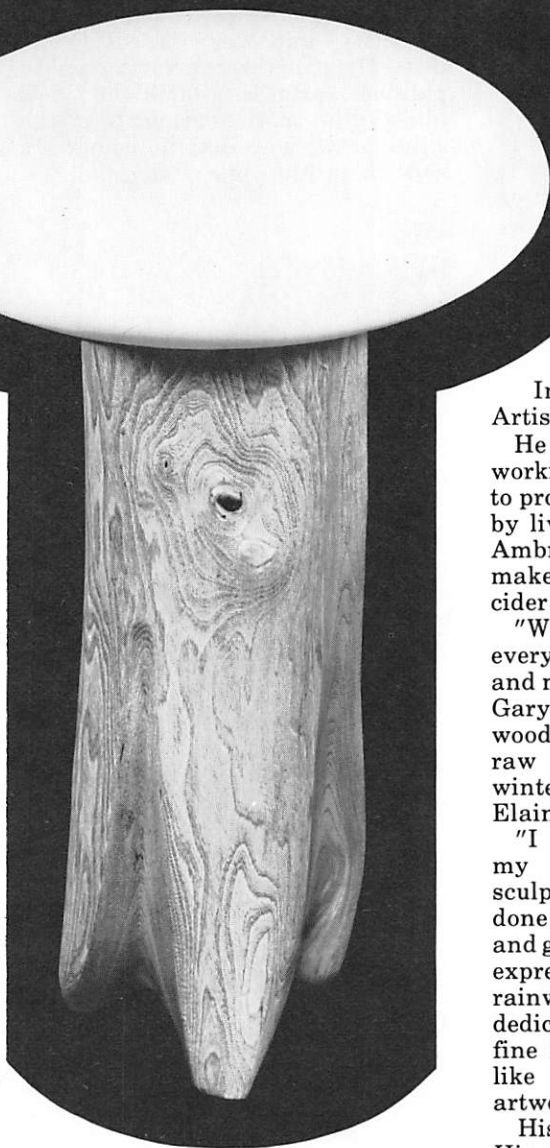
But one Denmark family is relatively new to town. They live on a dead end road up where the windows of their old white farmhouse frame a spectacular view of Mt. Washington beyond their apple orchard.

In his shop across the road from the cedar-shaded house, a man can usually be found with tools and machines and wood of various kinds, while his wife spends many of her days in a Harrison kindergarten classroom.

Gary Ambrose is a sculptor/woodworker/carpenter. With Elaine and their two small sons, Jared, 2, and Eric, six months, he is making a life out of what he loves—shaping wood to his own personal expression.

Once Gary Ambrose was a teacher. Following his graduation from the University of New Hampshire, he taught art at various places from 1st and 2nd grade in Durham, New Hampshire to five years at Hebron Academy, where he helped to develop the program.

"I like teaching when the students are enthusiastic," he says, "but I was unhappy not having enough time to do work of my own. I need to spend all of my time in the studio."



By Nancy Marcotte

Weekends and summer vacations were not enough to finish work of the scope and variety the sculptor wanted to tackle. So he gave up his teaching job and moved with his family and all his tools to their newly-purchased antique Denmark farmstead.

That's not an easy decision to make. Many another artist has tried to become creatively self-sufficient and has failed. Gary Ambrose is succeeding, through a diversified lifestyle and a lot of hard work.

This spring and summer his work is being shown at the University of New Hampshire Alumni Show, the Wallach Gallery and the Cape Neddick Inn, and with the Maine Coast Artists Show.

He stresses the way to survival as a working artist in Maine is by striving to produce much of what you eat and by living in relative simplicity. The Ambroses garden, raise turkeys, and make apple cider in a handsome oak cider press Gary built.

"We have sixty apple trees. And every spring we tap our maple trees and make syrup over an outside fire." Gary Ambrose also pulls his own wood out of the forest for much of his raw material—especially from this winter's great tree blowdown. And Elaine continues to teach.

"I can't emphasize enough what my wife has contributed," the sculptor says quietly. "I couldn't have done it without her." Gary is blonde and gracefully balding, with a sincere expression in clear eyes the color of rainwater. He is unpretentious, but dedicated. His work stands on its own fine merit, whether it be functional like a barn door or aesthetic as artwork.

His sculpture is gentle, captivating. His early work is wood in its plain state, the shape and surface worked to perfection, the finish clear or amber, waxed or varnished.

Some of the work is constructivist in design: cut into shapes and assembled or laminated into progressions. Some of it is reflective of the natural shape, as in a huge cast-off burl found beside the road which Gary kept for two years before he decided just how much of it he wanted to sculpt.

While living in Hebron he encountered Dwight Cushman, who

owned a supply of "king's pine"—wide boards which had been cut from ancient huge trees grown originally for schooner masts on Cushman's centuries-old family farm. Gary got to use it.

He realized with that wood the clear color line between heartwood and sapwood which he uses as integral to the sculpture made with it. For Gary Ambrose, "becoming friends" with the wood is vital—each piece is special and he knows whether it comes from Hebron or Buckfield or his own property. He participated with that particularly—pulling it out of the woods himself, having over 4000 board feet cut and kiln dried by a friend in Bridgton in trade for Gary's fine milled work.

The sculptor works in many different ways: sometimes with drawings and model constructions; sometimes by it just "happening" to enhance the natural form. He seems to have a special ability to "see" an image within a piece of wood; to cut into it freely or sometimes slowly; to finely hone an idea. One of his most recent pieces is a delicate twist of apple branch shaped and sanded gently with a rounded sandpaper belt to achieve the surface of smooth white sapwood: "Reflection of Young Wood." Where many people would have thrown away the tiny branch

with the rest of the limbs, Gary Ambrose had the ability to see in the twig a beautiful quality and to bring it forth.

Nevertheless, his work is changing. Recently he has come to view the natural wood surface as too seductive—imposing its will on a piece. His sculpture is evolving now to painted surfaces, which he feels allows him more freedom to create what he wishes. But the colors are soft, inspiring only a slight differ-

entiation in perception.

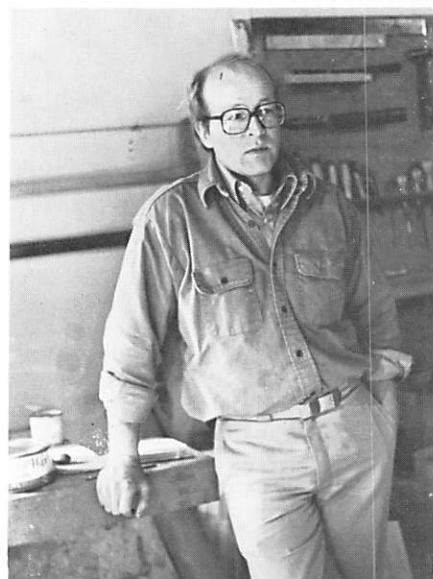
"Collaboration" is a new piece—beech, with blue and pink in a slightly lavender spectrum. "It just became clear," Gary says, "that it needed to have a feeling of close but different." as the two main pieces of the sculpture lean into each other and slightly upward. There's a new ambiguity in his work which is refreshing: crisp line, subtle color.

Even in his use of color, though, there's the Ambrose touch. He

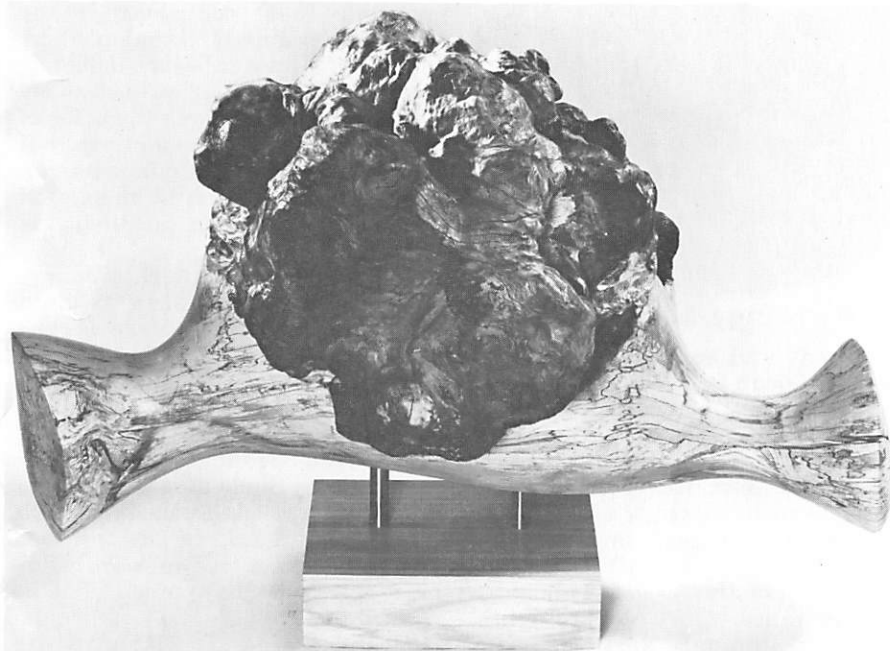
"Collaboration"



Gary Ambrose



previous page: lamp with pale blue stain
below: untitled burl, elm & oak



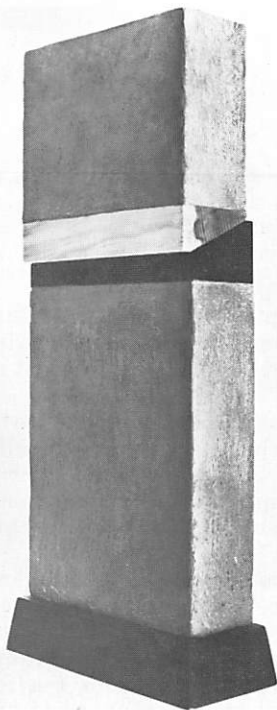
attempts to match shades of pure color from the artists' standby—color aid paper.

He won't be upset if someone else sees something he didn't intend in one of his works. It is the artist's traditional dilemma, but one which Gary Ambrose seems fairly comfortable with. He feels "It has to stand visually. I can't tell everyone what I meant . . . Language doesn't adequately describe it—it's a limitation, but also a handle . . .

"Titles can only imply a generalist notion of the sculptor's intent."

But still he wants to communicate; it's a chief function of art, and one which the three-dimensional art of sculpture does best. The old man Dwight Cushman saw one of the king's pine pieces nearing completion and offered Gary a supreme compliment: he only said, "You couldn't do it much better than that."

If all Ambrose did were sculptures,



his life would be quite remarkable already. But the woodworker does much more.

He was trained as a furniture designer and that was what he did solely for a time. An early desk is a wonderful example of exquisite visual beauty and perfect simplicity of function. Then one piece which started out as a chair became more communication than function: "Young Companions" was a piece in which the line and "dialogue in the grain" became the most important feature and crossed over into sculpture.



Although the sculpture has become the prime focus of his work lately, he still loves basic woodworking. "I like fitting moldings to bookcases, creating the curve of a bench . . . Architecture, sculpture, furniture—there are no divisions in my mind."

Even carpentry: one day is apt to find the sculptor building a large barn door for a neighbor—and taking the same care with mitered edges and insulation and molding as he does with his art. The practical work keeps him going. His rural Maine neighbors call on him occasionally for carpentry work (and he's willing to take the jobs) but they also allow him the privacy and solitude he needs.

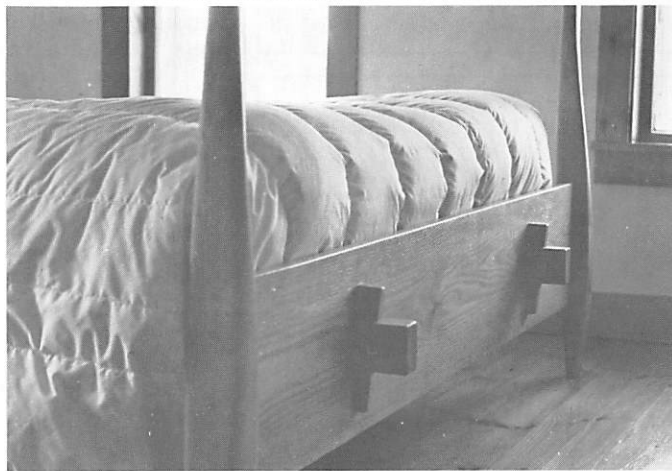
You must have a commitment to continue as an artist. "I was taught to

work alone, I think it's an important attribute in a mature artist," Gary says. Solitude comes easily to him: "As a child I often sequestered myself . . . I think perseverance is just a part of my nature."

So is versatility a part of Gary Ambrose's nature. He cherishes an opportunity to build a fine piece of furniture like his own bed. He thinks intertwining aspects of the past with the 20th century is important. He finds all the things he does—farming, sculpting, furniture, carpentry, logging, gardening, making maple syrup and cider, holding a child—to make up an integrated life.

"I like it." The serious expression relaxes, the pale eyes twinkle briefly. "Art is a total way of life."

top: "Black and White Allegory"; above: kitchen table made of one piece of king's pine; below: gentle curves of four-poster bed



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Thinking of Country Things

Every gardening season seems to take on its own special title. One year we had twenty-four days of rain in June. Another year everything broke, from big to small, important to minor, tractor to hoe. (I can remember the time when I thought the only good hoe was a broken one.)

Last year it was cutworms. Yes, root maggots callously thinned out cabbage and cauliflowers, as is their delight. Potato beetles made sickly lace of the potato tops. A throng of thrips thrived in the onions. But the cutworms were the worst that I've ever met, so it is by them that I shall remember last year's adventure in agriculture.

What's to be done about them; cutworms, I mean, and not adventures? I have some suggestions to share, starting with cutworms and then moving on to some other common insect problems.

Cutworms - Cutworms come in various types which differ somewhat in the damage they do, from those that chomp off leaf pieces to those that whack down seedlings at ground level. All seem to work nights and sleep days, curled up in a ring and buried shallowly in loose soil.

Various methods of control may be tried. You can dig them out with a fingertip and feed them to the hens, but this approach is after the fact, meaning you don't know where to dig until the damage is done. It's a kind of eye-for-an-eye, tooth-for-a-tooth arrangement. The cutworm gets your pepper plants, you get the cutworm.

The practice of deep-plowing in fall is sometimes recommended. In theory, deep-plowing exposes cutworm young and eggs to the killing winter cold.

For the smaller-scale planter, a paper collar wrapped around the stem of each seedling, from ground level up four or so inches, will usually provide good protection. Sometimes, but not often, a cutworm may crawl up above the collar and do its dirty work. But there are limits to how many paper collars one can tolerate. It's a finicky job, and if there's a breeze blowing or if your fingers get muddy or if the flies

The Year of

are thick, one's ire at the immediate irritations may soon outweigh the ire one has developed at the thought of cutworms.

I have heard that an application of ordinary field lime spread liberally around the base of a seedling will keep cutworms away. The notion may have merit and I intend to test it this spring.

But the best method, it would seem, for cutworm control over larger soil areas is the use of poison bait. (I suppose fumigation or saturation-spraying are other options, but for any small farm the economics are questionable.) Poison bait may be composed as follows:

Bran - 2-1/2 cups
Molasses - 1 cup
Poison - 2 oz. dry powder
Water - 1-1/2 to 2 cups
1 orange or lemon

The orange or lemon is finely chopped or ground. All ingredients are mixed. The resulting bait should be loose, not sticky; vary water amount accordingly. In the past, Paris Green was the poisonous ingredient, but Paris Green is extremely poisonous. Perhaps Sevin can be substituted effectively. The mixture in the quantities given above should be sufficient to cover one quarter-acre (a little goes a long way). It is spread as one might spread grass seed. Precautions: if the bran is fine and properly mixed it apparently will not attract birds or other desirable life forms. If the bait is applied in the evening any possible hazard of this kind will be further reduced.

Potato Beetles - Potato beetles started early last spring. Several management options are available, but control methods must commence as early as the first sighting of beetles, and must continue on a regular basis. I prefer to pick off all the beetles I can and drop them into a can of water which has a layer of kerosene floating on top. The little

KEN'S RENT-ALL

Ken Kennagh

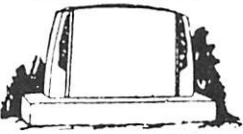
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by John Meader

The Cutworm

patches of yellow eggs to be seen on the bottom of leaves I squash between thumb and finger. When the ugly pink grubs emerge, I pick or knock them off into the kerosene-water. This technique suffices some years.

Other years, physical control fails and I have to resort to chemicals. (The application of chemicals seems the only route to take until other methods are devised, *provided* that the applicator is scrupulously responsible in using the chemical.

Rotenone is still suggested as effective against potato beetles, but it never has worked for me—potato beetles that I have known seem to regard it as food! Sevin is also recommended and does apparently work where the potato beetle hasn't developed tolerance, but I don't like Sevin as a spray because of its toxicity to bees. Other possibilities are Imidan and Thiodan, but they should not be applied when potatoes are in bloom—again because of damage they may do to bees.

There is, of course, the live-and-let-live policy advocated by some which tells you to plant twice as much and settle for what the bugs, diseases, and varmints don't spoil. While on the surface this attitude has some appeal, the practice has a number of serious drawbacks. Insects, for example, often carry disease. The uncontrolled insects that arrive to share your potato crop may at the same time so fully inject the crop with various diseases that not only is the harvest greatly diminished, but the quality of the fruit may be bad. If blight is at all established, the potatoes will quickly rot. And if disease and insect problems are not controlled, both can quickly build up in the garden site, to make one's problems considerably worse in coming seasons.

Striped Cucumber Beetles - Narrow beetles slightly less than a quarter-inch long, these pests are the rapidly flying yellow bugs with black stripes that chew holes in the leaves

of cucumber, squash, and melon. Rotenone will control them. They should be controlled. The holes are merely a warning of worse things that can happen, for the striped cucumber beetle frequently carries bacterial and viral diseases—among them a bacterial wilt that can very quickly wipe out one's squashes and cukes. A live-and-let-live policy in regard to this pest will leave you with much less to live on.

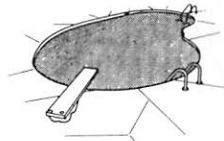
Tarnished Plant Bugs - This pest is recognized by the color of its back, which is shiny, metallic, grey-gold, and tarnished. It is about one-third of an inch long and, like the striped cucumber beetle, a rapid flyer. It is a sucking rather than a chewing insect, however. One of its trademarks is blackened and/or deformed tips of leaves. Potato or bean leaf-tips blacken and curl a bit, or droop slightly. Pea leaves often turn a darker green and clench up. The tarnished plant bug feeds on over fifty plant species, making it one of the worst general nuisances to plague gardens. It damages blossoms as well as leaves and can be responsible for nubbly strawberries and raspberries. Twisted, half-formed flowers of asters and daisies are another indication of the presence of tarnished plant beetles. I dust regularly with rotenone, sometimes every other day, to keep the pest more or less at bay.

Flea Beetles - Flea beetles seem to appear in spring about the time one normally sets out tomato and pepper plants; this makes them more troublesome because they attack when plants are at their weakest. The flea beetle is about the size of small birdshot and the holes it leaves in tomato leaves (or potato, or eggplant, or pepper . . .) are of the same size. It looks as though Uncle "Lethal" Willy had discharged several rounds of #9 into Aunt Leda's kitchen garden. The holes, if numerous—as they usually are—slow plant growth; worse, they may provide entry-points for diseases. Rotenone will control flea beetles.

Maggots - The underground enemies (among which the cutworm

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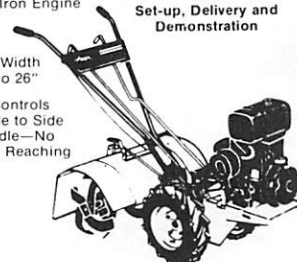
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A FINDING

In the heat of melting time
I see wax drippings contorting
into chambers where entrances
are sealed to air and breath,
the slickness wet, but not wet—
like the shock of lifting bee supers
only to find empty honey comb
surrounded by dead bees.

*JoAnne Zywna Kerr
Rumford*



BEE-LINES

The bee buzzes a boundary
Around his domain;
How he knows its perimeter
I cannot explain.
But its center is obvious,
Cynosure of bees,
Ubiquitous crocus,
Early spring tease.

*T. Jewell Collins
Hamden, Connecticut*

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is prominent) are in many ways the most frustrating. Wireworms and grubs work their dirty tricks unseen. Generally they are more prevalent in new ground; and once the ground has been worked for several years the problem subsides.

Maggots, on the other hand, seem to increase, or at least never to diminish. They come in various types and attack various plants in various ways. What does that mean in specifics? Take cabbages, for example. You set out a nice healthy cabbage seedling in spring. It is four inches high, say, and has formed four leaves. From that point it never progresses. It starts to develop a purple tinge and on hot days the leaves droop. Chances are, root maggots are at work. (Purple leaves by themselves may indicate a deficiency of phosphorus.)

What I do in such a case is pull the plant up and have a close look at the underground stem and roots. One probably finishes off the plant by so doing, but hang it all, one has to know. If the maggots have been busy, the indications are these: the roots often will be stubby and devoid of fine rootlets, while the lower stem will be woody. The outside flesh of the stem will be missing; and in many instances, if the stem is pulled open small white or grey maggots can be seen. No wonder the above-ground plant looked sickly. It was being strangled from below—neither moisture nor foods could rise from the soil.

Having pulled up the plant and diagnosed the problem, what to do next? I almost wish I hadn't asked, because soil maggots don't seem susceptible to any sure lines of attack. Preventive measures appear the only route; treatment of seed or soil are often recommended and the chemical most frequently suggested is Diazinon. I have tried it in various ways. I have not seen any evidence to indicate its effectiveness *as used by me*. Other methods unknown to me may do the trick.

Another option with plants such as cabbage, cauliflower, and broccoli is the use of a "maggot-mat." An eight or ten-inch square is cut from tar paper, a hole punched in the center, and then a line is cut to the hole. This mat is placed around the stem of the plant to be protected, and then the cut to the center is taped up if you are

really business-like. Since maggots hatch from eggs which are deposited by the maggot fly on plant leaves and stems and then crawl down the stem to chew the roots, theory has it the mat will prevent the maggot from reaching the roots and you will have a happy, healthy cabbage plant. And, as a bonus, the theory goes on to say, the mat will also ward off cutworms. Will the maggot-mat perform as promised? I don't know. My cousin Bill, down New Hampshire way, tried mats last spring and didn't feel they helped. But that was in New Hampshire where anything can happen, and last spring, besides. I'll probably give the mat a whirl.

But even if mats protect the cabbage and its close relatives, these are many other vegetables not suited to such protection: onions, bean, pea, and corn seed, turnips and radishes and carrots; and with these maggots can be devastating, particularly in a cold wet spring. There are some protective measures that can be taken. Bean, pea, and corn seed can be treated with dust before planting, for example. But probably the best approach in face of all maggot problems is to stagger one's plantings. Maggots and cutworms both go through waves. Early plantings seem most prone; later ones sometimes will come through untouched, having fallen between the waves, as it were.

All this has come a long way from the cutworms that precipitated these thoughts, and I'm afraid I've burdened the reader with quite a few technicalities. My thoughts are by no means inclusive, for there are vastly more insect pests than the few I've mentioned. I don't dare tackle aphids, for example. And what about leaf hoppers, weevils, and bean beetles?

There's some danger in putting all this on paper—the danger of losing perspective, most especially. Out in the garden you encounter insects here and there and do whatever you can to deal with the problem. But thinking about insects is another matter. They seem to be everywhere, gnawing, sucking, stinging, wiggling their antennae with malicious intent. Best to stop now before one gets bugs in the belfry.

Meader is a farmer and writer living in Buckfield.

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Mothers' Days

MOM

Today I took a red paper: carefully I shaped a heart . . .
At five my mind is squished with jagged lines.
All my love to Mother from sticky hands. The golden arrow won't stay put.
Jean Evelyn Rand, Fryeburg

A FAMILY NEVER ENDS

"You've raised your family," they say
They make it sound so fine
And so I try to stay aloof
From cares that are not mine

"It's time to live your own life"
And probably it's true
But my children are my life,
So what am I to do?

"You should be free to travel now,"
These maiden ladies claim.
But they have not been mothers,
So their feelings aren't the same.

They've never wakened to the kisses
Of a three-year-old saying,
"Gramma, I love you!"
Can we have breakfast now?"

*Audrey C. Linke
Hamden, Connecticut*

JJ's DAY

With flashing eyes and wide-mouth
grin,
Jenny helps my day begin.

In great delight she kicks her feet,
"Look what I found, Mom, aren't they
neat?"

Her dainty fingers and tiny toes
Are always in motion and on the go.

Kitten-soft skin and chubby cheeks
Beg you to play peek-a-boo peeks.

Eyelids droop and her thumb finds its
place

While lullabye-land overtakes her
whole face.

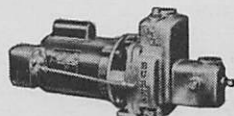
She folds her hands as if to say
That's the end of my busy day.

*Carolyn Adams
Sabattus*



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The Listener

Fiction by Jean Pottle



A shifting ray of sunlight fell across the worn print dress which she had put on when she heard Cathy running water for the first pot of coffee of the day. Around her she heard the clatter of the family's voices; each raised in search of a listener. The old woman shook herself in response to an impatient question, "Don't you remember, Ma? It was the year Aunt Nellie left for California."

The speaker, her daughter Cathy, didn't wait for a response but rushed headlong into an often-told family tale. The old woman retreated to her memories. The warmth of April reminder her of the year she and John had moved into the family farmhouse. It had been a warm spring, and a good thing, too, for they had little wood to see them through. She remembered the comfort they took from the small evening fires they allowed themselves in the black wood stove which Grandmother Mary had left them when she moved in with her eldest son. It was a beauty, that stove, and she had taken pride in its black glossiness. How she'd rubbed it! Quite a different thing from that modern rig Cathy set so much store by. But, even Cathy had to admit that the biscuits that came from her fancy oven could never match the ones her mother had baked in the old Atlantic.

Once again she was pulled back to the present by her daughter's cry, "Look out, Ma. You're going to rock on your glasses. You just dropped them down as if they were nothing more than . . ." Before she could move to regain the glasses, Cathy had them. "I'll just put them over here. You don't need them just to sit there."

That was true. Sitting didn't need glasses or anything else. For just a moment there she had felt she was with John. Though he had been dead for four years she still found herself thinking, "I'll just ask John what he thinks before I make up my mind." They had had a joke together that neither could make a decision unless they had the other's nod of approval. That would seem peculiar to this new generation, for they were all caught up with being independent. When she and John were together, that was what was important, not each rushing off to do something without the other.

She looked at Cathy for a moment. Her little girl had grown into a sallow-faced, overly thin woman who worked hard to combine a job with a large family and a large house. Cathy was always in a hurry and always impatient. She never had time for a quiet cup of tea or a little chat with her mother. The old woman knew she was lucky to have such a pleasant place to live, but it would never be home for her. There seemed to be no peace here, only confusion and noise.

She could remember an early spring day when John had come in unexpectedly from working in the barn. "You've got to come out and smell," he said.

She had picked up Cathy, still a small child then, and walked out with her tall young husband to the field which spread out behind the house. There was a fresh wind blowing and the world smelled of growing things, new life. They didn't say much, the three of them; they just breathed and felt a sense of peace and well-being flow through them that no mortal man could create.

Just before John died they'd shared another day like that one so long ago. He had been on the porch, just sitting, for he lacked the strength to do much. He'd called her: "Em, come smell."

After John's death the children had decided the farm was too much for an old woman and she had moved in with Cathy and Will and their four children. She felt she hadn't had any peace since they day she'd left home. The children were good about taking her down to the church she'd gone to Sundays for fifty years, but somehow, without John beside her, it wasn't the same. She felt empty and longed for the old place and its familiar rooms.

Well, she'd just ask them to take her over for a morning some time soon. There wasn't anyone living there but the old stove could quickly come to life with a bit of kindling. Why, of course, that's what she needed. What a tonic it would be to settle down in front of the stove and get really warm.

She raised her gaze from her hands. As she began to speak a patch of sunlight highlighted the geraniums on the window sill. She paused, gazed at the plant, and then returned to listen to the memories which were more real to her than the present.



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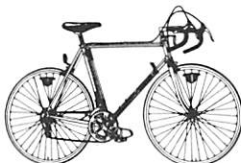
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...Page 13 Daniel Webster

threepence for each deed, I could have one shilling and sixpence, and he should have the remaining ninepence. I greedily seized on so tempting an offer and set to work. Of a long winter's evening I could copy two deeds, and that was half a dollar. Four evenings in a week earned two dollars and two dollars paid a week's board . . . I hope yet to have an opportunity to see once more the first volume of the Record of Deeds for the County of Oxford. It is now thirty years since I copied into it the last "Witness my hand and seal." I have not seen its outside since; but the ache is not yet out of my fingers, for nothing has ever been so laborious to me as writing, when under the necessity of writing with a good hand.

In May of 1802, having a week's vacation, I took my quarter's salary, mounted a horse, went straight over the hills to Hanover, and had the pleasure of putting these the first earnings of my life into my brother's hands for his college expenses. Having enjoyed this sincere and high pleasure, I hied me back again to my school and to my copying of deeds. I stayed in Fryeburg only till September. My brother came to see me; we made a journey together to the lower part of Maine, and returned to Salisbury. I resumed my place in Mr. Thompson's office, and he went back to college.

And so it is interesting to note that Daniel Webster came to Fryeburg for the purpose of helping Ezekiel. Webster's notes, found among his papers, show that his brother could not afford to stay in college unless Daniel helped him. He therefore thought it his duty, he says, "to suffer some delay in his profession" for the sake of serving his elder brother, and for that reason "I was making a little interest in some places to the eastward for employment." He means getting the school in Fryeburg. The close and loving friendship between Daniel and Ezekiel was a marked thing in the life of both brothers. Ezekiel lived to be one of the prominent lawyers of New Hampshire and died while he was addressing the New Hampshire court in 1849.

(continued next month)

Heading Out

MODEL MARKET: Of Wine And Cheese

Below: Saul Goldberg (left) and father Myer of Model Market, 113-115 Middle Street, Portland.

These are the times that try persons' souls. Hardly a day passes but what our already riddled frames are not once again bombarded by yet more news of declining productivity or the rising cost of mediocrity. From a tender age we're led to believe that white teeth will bring June weddings with ever-after endings and that there are people who actually mistake someone else's Ford for their Mercedes. Society has followed the path of least resistance to the point where polyester is proclaimed to provide protection superior to that of cotton and Tofu* dares vie with Filet Mignon as a provider of protein. Fortunately souls are resilient—an occasional cleaning and polishing and the scratches of contemporary living become insignificant, indeed probably even add a patina to the final finish.

A little straightforward talk. Last month I encouraged a visit to Portland's Model Market. For me, fifteen years of frequenting this store has been an inspiration—soul food if you will. Daily, Myer and Saul Goldberg prove that quality and caring are attitudes that make a difference. Additional information came from an interview, talking with customers and business associates, as well as reading some of the numerous articles written about this uncommon institution. All of the articles mention the sign. The sign has been an important part of each visit. The sign is part of my childrens' education. But I would break with tradition. Far be it from me to repeat what has been done before. No, I had other plans.

**See page 24*

My readers would experience the store from the comfort of their homes. Captivating comments would keep eyes from wandering t.v.-ward. Mouths would water at the thought of deliciously displayed fancy fruits. Nerves would calm at mere reflection on the aromatic, freshly-ground



Columbian coffees; noses flare at names like Jarlsberg, Feta, or Camembert; and eyes dilate while envisioning cases of Macón-Villages, Margaux, or Taittinger. But I can't pull it off. *There is no substitute for Experience.*

I promised to mention the wine and cheese, and my reputation for sometimes keeping my promises must remain unblemished. In the early 70's the State of Maine relinquished control of table wines. It seemed to Saul Goldberg, who had recently finished a hitch in the Marines and was attending Bentley College, that the time was ripe to return to Maine, become something of an authority on wine, and prepare for the predicted growing legion of wine drinkers. Many of those who came to Myer for the finer things of life had to go out-of-state for the proper accompanying wines. The cheese, of course, was an already established part of Myer's product line.

Nationally respected art writer and Western Maine personality Martin Dibner was the first wine salesman to call on Myer and Saul. Martin, whose interest in wine goes back a long way ("I was raised on sacramental wine") was helpful in separating the "grapola" from the imported wines with established tastes and reputations. California wines had recovered fully from the setback of Prohibition and by the early seventies even French connoisseurs were admitting that some American wines were among the world's finest—a fact Napa Valians had known for two decades. The huge advertising budgets and competitive prices of wineries like Gallo and Almaden were generous to Model Market. Americans—even Mainiacs—were trying wine, serving it with meals, and tasting as well as drinking. They liked what they discovered.

As is the case for edibles, the wine selection at Model Market is not average. Saul believes there is no sense in carrying what is easily obtainable elsewhere. He also believes that he should be able to talk authoritatively about what he sells. About one-third of the market's floor space is given over to a superb selection of domestic and imported wines, from the inexpensive, uncomplicated everyday table variety to heady Grand Cru Classé vintages which require a sophisticated palate and a fat bank account. All are treated with respect, stored as properly as is reasonably possible, and rotated on a regular basis. Cue cards identify each wine and give the shopper a concise description of what to expect. And Saul is there with a readily-shared first-hand knowledge. But there is no substitute for Experience!

Page 26 . . .

Homemade

TOFU

Tofu with Pineapple Sweet-and-Sour Sauce (Serves four)

- 2 Tablespoons oil
- 1 clove garlic, crushed or minced
- 1 small onion, thinly sliced
- 1 green pepper, cut into 1-inch squares
- 2 small tomatoes, diced, or 1 cup cherry tomatoes cut in half

Pineapple Sweet-and-Sour Sauce

- 1-1/4 cups unsweetened pineapple chunks, drained
- 1 Tablespoon honey
- 3 Tablespoons vinegar
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 Tablespoons tamari soy sauce or 3 Tablespoons Miso
- 2 Tablespoons ketchup
- 1/2 teaspoon grated gingerroot or 1 teaspoon powdered ginger
- 2 or 3 teaspoons arrowroot or kudzu for thickener as needed
- 12 oz. tofu cut into 1-inch cubes

Heat oil in a large skillet or wok; add garlic and onion and stir-fry over high heat, stirring constantly for two minutes. Add green pepper, tomatoes, and sauce ingredients, and cook, stirring constantly for about one minute until thick. Mix in Tofu and simmer for minutes on very low heat. Serve chilled. (To serve hot, increase amount of honey and vinegar by 1 Tablespoon each.) Serve over whole wheat spaghetti, noodles, or brown rice.

Tofu-Dill Spread (Serves two or three)

- 1 cake Tofu
- 3 Tablespoons sesame tahini
- 1 Tablespoon nutritional yeast
- 2 teaspoons tamari soy sauce
- 1-2 Tablespoons dill to taste

In a mixing bowl, mash the cake of tofu with a fork until the consistency of cottage cheese. Add tahini, nutritional yeast, and tamari and mix well. Add the dill to taste. For a variation, try some other herb or vegetable such as garlic, onion, curry, or mushrooms (cooked and cut). Serve on whole wheat bread with sprouts and tomato.

It has been variously described as meat without bones, soy cheese, and bean curd. Tofu, though still not a common kitchen product, is coming into prominence rapidly throughout the United States. Made from soybeans, tofu was discovered over 2000 years ago in China, where it has been raised to culinary excellence and is a major source for protein. Asia, with its large and dense populations, uses soybeans for protein in the same way we depend on meat, so it is no wonder that tofu is the most important soyfood for one billion people.

The process for making tofu is not very complex. Water is added to soybeans and pureed to make a thick white liquid: *go*. After briefly cooking the soybean pulp, *okara* is separated from the *go* with the use of a pressing sack. The *okara*, which is rich in fiber, is not wasted as it used as a tasty and nutritious ingredient in Japanese and Chinese cuisine. After the *okara* has been removed, *soymilk* is left. A solidifier such as calcium sulfate (a pure, naturally-mined mineral), or *nigari* (which comes from clean sea water) is added to the *soymilk*, causing it to curdle. The soft white curds are removed from the whey, which also has many uses, and ladled into a settling container. The tofu is then pressed to form a solid piece.

What the consumer sees is a three-inch square cake that is two inches thick, bone white, firm to the touch, and weighing 8 oz. The cake can last for two or three weeks if stored in water, refrigerated, and the water changed every one or two days.

By now you're probably wondering why you'd want to eat tofu. Tofu is a very inexpensive (about 45¢ for an 8 oz. cake) source of protein containing other important nutrients. Many people believe that meat protein is superior or has something special in it that plant protein lacks. Protein is protein, whether it comes from plant or animal. Some plant proteins are incomplete, that is they don't contain all eight essential amino acids needed by the body. Tofu, made from soybeans, is a complete protein. An 8 ounce cake can supply us with 11.5 grams of usable protein, which is about 25% of the U.S. RDA (Recommended Daily Allowance) of protein. At 45¢ an 8-oz. cake it is a good alternative to getting the same amount of protein from 3-1/4 ounces of

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steak or 5-1/2 ounces of hamburger.

Using soybeans as a protein source can help solve some of our world's hunger problems. It takes from 14-20 pounds of plant food (sometimes soybeans) to produce one pound of meat. It is easy to see how many more people could be fed if they ate the soybeans directly. Less land could be used to feed more people. This has global implications since many people in the world are protein deficient.

Tofu has only 147 calories per 8-oz. cake, is low in saturated fats, and totally free of cholesterol. This would make it an ideal food for people who need to cut down on fat and cholesterol in their diet. Studies have indicated that diets high in fat and cholesterol lead to a higher incidence of heart disease. Tofu is also a good source of iron, phosphorus, potassium, sodium, essential B-vitamins, cholene, vitamin E, and is very high in calcium (an 8-oz. cake can provide 38% of the RDA of calcium).

So you're still not convinced about eating tofu? In addition to being very nutritious, tofu happens to be delicious as well. Although tofu tastes fairly bland by itself, its culinary greatness lies in its ability to absorb flavors of anything mixed with it. Tofu is so amazingly versatile it can be blended into salad dressings, sauces, or dips; made into puddings, cheesecakes, and pies; fried, baked, and steamed. Probably no other food has such a wide range of forms, textures, and flavors, and can be used in any kind of cooking from traditional New England to Chinese.

Fifteen to twenty years ago few people knew about yogurt. It was an obscure ethnic food from the Balkan region of Europe. The food companies saw a potential niche for it in the American marketplace and through marketing and advertising have promoted it into the mainstream of American diets. The same thing is now happening to tofu as many of the big food companies are looking very carefully at how to market it and sell it. It may not be too long before you have a choice between McDonald's and Tofu Burgers. In the meantime, enjoy it, experiment with it, and delight in the fact that you are eating a wonderfully nutritious food that has a 2000-year tradition. The "Cow of China" has come to America.

by Marcel Polak
a Bryant Pond teacher of environmental
education and nutrition.

"The Cow Of China"

Tofu Cutlets

(Serves two or three)

1 cake Tofu

1 cup corn flour or meal (preferably fresh ground from whole dried corn, to have the whole kernel included.)

1-1/2 Tablespoons nutritional yeast

Safflower (or other vegetable) oil for frying

Cut tofu into three 3-inch square slices. Mix the corn flour and nutritional yeast in a mixing bowl. Dip the tofu slices into water to moisten; then into the batter, making sure to cover them entirely. Fry in oil until golden brown on both sides. Serve on whole wheat bread with tamari soy sauce for seasoning or on a bed of brown rice.

Tofu Carob Pie

(Serves six to eight)

Four 8-oz. cakes Tofu

1/2 cup honey or maple syrup

3 teaspoons vanilla

1/2 teaspoon cinnamon

1/3 cup carob

1 cup cashew milk (blend one-third cup cashews and two-thirds cup water)

Blend first six ingredients until creamy-smooth, stir in: 1/2 cup chopped nuts or coconut for garnish.

Crust

1/4 teaspoon salt

1-1/2 cups whole wheat flour

2 Tablespoons oil

2 Tablespoons tahini

4-6 Tablespoons water

Mix salt and water. Rub oil and tahini into flour with hands until thoroughly mixed. Add water a bit at a time until thoroughly mixed in. Knead until dough is earlobe consistency. Roll out on floured board, place in pie plate, precook for 15 minutes at 350°. Add filling and chill for one hour before serving.

Any ingredients which cannot be found elsewhere can be found at Fare Share Co-op Store, Tannery Street, Norway (743-9044).

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SOME RESERVATIONS

We enjoy the magazine very much. However I did enjoy the old format magazine better. I'm afraid the same thing will happen to your publication as happened to *New Hampshire Profiles*—it became too fancy and commercial and lost the personal touch, and we no longer subscribe.

Anne S. Ladd
Wakefield, Rhode Island

FRIENDS

My March BitterSweet is great!! It has all my old friends in it!! The article by Harry (Walker) on Shavey is delightful. Do you still want the picture of his igloo/lean-to at Buck's dam showing him and his snowshoes? ... I surely hope someone will do a story on dear Esther Anderson and her husband Harold. No TV show is any better than dramatic contributions to our town by Esther and Harold ... daughter Margaret there now could help a lot. We all adored them both.

I like the new format really better .. keep up the good work!!

Charlotte Longley Orr
West Trenton, New Jersey

Ed. Note:

Mrs. Orr sent us the picture below: Shavey Noyes' "camp" on the point across from the present-day White's Marina, Lake Pennesseewassee, Norway. It is from the collection of Addiebelle Longley Lychalk, Slaterville Springs, New York.



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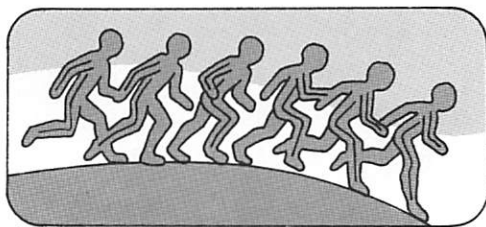
To get to the wine section you must go past the cheese, and once you've made your choice you must return by way of same. It's a natural. Cheese and wine go together like coddled eggs and anchovies. And it would be difficult to find a better cheese selection anywhere. (Unless, of course, you enjoy your cheese laundered, neatly pressed, and wrapped in cellophane.) Varieties and prices are posted and you'll find Saul as familiar with cheese as with wine, always ready with a recommendation, a sample, and a deal if you want the whole wheel. Brie, Bleu, Fontina, Gorgonzola, Liederkranz, and Stilton are among the approximately 150 varieties available for the asking. All at the right age (most cheeses are transported by air), temperature, in bulk, and cut at your request.

Cheese, like wine, must be experienced, preferences refined and some tastes acquired. The learning process for both should be a life-long avocation. Some suggestions: most cheeses go better with dry (not sweet) wines. Wine and cheese of the same general characteristics are the most successful—for example a sour cheese (goat's) is well suited to light, dry, white wine. A robust wine, like Barolo, demands a strong partner such as Provolone. Often the cheeses from a certain region make excellent companions to the local wines, like Münster and Gewürztraminer—both from Alsace. Too many varieties of either at one time will confuse. Great bottles will be appreciated opposite a mild cheese. Experience should be the teacher. Some scratches may be picked up along the way, but the soul will be polished.

Some final thoughts. Taste and drink with friends. Take time to reflect. Use thin, elegant stemware. Turn off the t.v. Talk—about wine, cheese, books, religion, life, love, whatever. The mind will clear, the tongue be liberated, and the soul be soothed.

The Model Market sign—apropos at this time of Reaganomics: "Lord, give us the luxuries of life—we can do without the necessities."

Ben Franklin
& Me
Jan O'Leary



Medicine For The Hills

by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

ALLEGORY Part III (continued from last month)

As had patrons for three centuries, Michel liked to follow the curved path through the small courtyard to the entrance of the Cheval Blanc. Day-lilies and larkspur enjoyed the peace of the garden, and so did he. A heavy oak door, ornate with grills, studs, wrought-iron hinges, admitted him with surprising ease into a fan-vaulted anteroom. But what an anteroom! Holding the cool stillness of a castle chamber, it was yet more intimate; its cathedral-like solemnity was balanced by the humility of a chapel. Neither castle, nor cathedral, nor chapel; it could only be, Michel smiled to himself, Jean-Paul's Cheval Blanc.

One's eyes immediately were drawn to a large coat-of-arms on the far wall of the anteroom: Cheval Blanc rampant avec fleurs-de-lys. To its left a rack of pennoncelles and bannerettes and to its right a silent suit of armor stood sentinel. Above, from the timbered vault, hung banners France Ancien in all manner of color and heraldry. A massive painting of a prancing white horse framed in gilded baroque dominated the left wall. Below the painting, a long bank of ferns ran the length of the wall, flanked on the left by Jean-Paul's great ancient Limoges vase filled with fresh cut flowers. The sense of this room was one of sanctuary.

Opposite the prancing white horse and to the right, many-paned doors led to the hotel's sitting room—a room washed with pastel. An incredible diversity of greenery held a delightful freshness and warmth, the plantlife bathed in sunlight admitted by a great bay window to the left. At the far end of the room a large hearth held court for encircling overstuffed fauteuils. Passing from the security of the anteroom to the serenity of this sitting room, the guest was simply

overwhelmed with peace and beauty. This transition was no mere accident, for Jean-Paul believed that the mood of his patron was paramount. He would have no intimidation encumbering his guest.

The clerk's desk stood to the right upon entering this room. Behind the desk hung Jean-Paul's one conceit: a collection of framed notes from grateful patrons. Picasso was among them, and Pompidou, Mark Twain, Proust, Ignatio Silone. If ghosts shared lodging here, one was certainly in good company!

"They simply don't keep up!" Michel slammed his fist down, attracting the attention of the other diners. "The same sauces, the same desserts offered up week after week, served with tedium and dispassion! And they believe that arrogance and puffed-up airs can substitute for knowledge! Incredible!"

Our two friends had left the Cheval Blanc and motored west, over the rolling Vosges into Lorraine, to dine at Le Bec Fin in Nancy. They were now hot at it.

"It's tempting to cut and shave quality when the money comes rolling in, and to ignore the importance of keeping abreast of developments. When the bank account is fat, you begin to believe that Bouse has no more to teach us. Technique gets sloppy, kitchens unsanitary. Mon Dieu, one risks one's health eating in such places!"

"Agreed, mon petit," said Jean-Paul. "Our colleagues allow themselves to slip. They begin to cheat the customer and, oui, to endanger his very health. I agree. They assume the customer is stupid and naive. They lose a star, two stars. They are poorly reviewed. Still they stay open. Customers keep coming. Why does no one close them down? Michel, you could do something. Why

do you not censor them?"

"Oh, my stupid friend of dubious descent," Michel answered, shaking his head. "You know that answer yourself. Once a year they clean up for the board of health. Once a year the pots are scrubbed. Here, a sprig of parsley; there, a hand is held, a customer enchanted. But where is there a law governing Quality? Show me where it is written that we must keep our standards high. Who will walk down the streets declaring this one second-rate, that one a fraud? Who will throw the first stone? Everyone now calls us equal, colleague and customer alike."

"No, Jean-Paul. Elitism is done for. Elitism died out with the Jacobins and their guillotine. Egalité, remember? We must all be equal, which means, for our business, blended mediocrity."

"I am neither stupid nor mediocre," growled Jean-Paul, controlling his temper. He quickly smiled and nodded at the staring couple seated next to them. "I merely suggested you take steps to educate our colleagues. You are respected. They would listen to you."

"Listen, yes, for an hour perhaps, or a day. But act upon it, certainly not. The issue is whether to be painstaking and to keep one's purpose honest, or to do whatever is easiest and cheapest. Do you think I am some Christ born to show the way?"

"Keep your voice down, mon petit."

"In terms of energy, time and money, how much would you save with plastic ferns in your foyer, ami? I've seen some very authentic plastic plants in Strassbourg that would do well in your sitting room. Our

Page 31 . . .

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May is the first spring month of the year in Maine. Well, at least May is supposed to be the first spring month. I mean in previous years we usually have a heavy snowpack through March, melting during April. And May is the first spring month—when the garden is ready for planting, the ground doesn't "squish" when one walks on it and we eagerly await the arrival of the black fly.

But our timetable has been warped. This year spring seemed to arrive any time the temperature rose above 45°. With no snow pack, we were fooled many times.

Now, I am an avid golfer, and nothing excites an avid golfer more than being able to venture out onto a course early in the season. Stories are always told of winter golfing out on Cape Cod: it might be 30° below zero and snowing here but it's always "beautiful weather on the Cape—some great weather for winter golfing."

I got my chance in mid-February of this year when the temperature soared to the 60° mark. It was spring, right? There was no snow, the ice was going out of the lakes, and it was warm. It was spring. So a friend and I ventured up to Norway Country Club for some "winter golfing." It was beautiful. In fact, we actually began complaining of the heat. The course wasn't muddy, and to make it seem even more like summer, we had to pause a couple of times as the course became slightly congested. I mean, how many times has the call "fore!" been shouted in Maine in the middle of February?

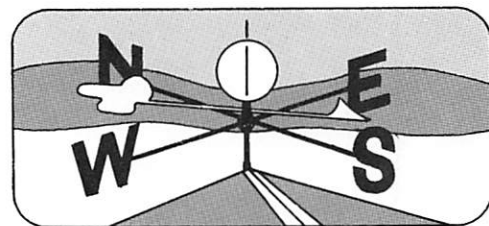
It was a great few days in mid-February, but we had been fooled. Lulled into a false sense of security by the warm weather, we thought winter was over. But we were wrong. First rain, then snow moved into the region for the end of the month, and March came in like a cold lion.

In previous years a 60° heat wave in February would have been received with "It's nice, but too bad it won't last." We knew it wouldn't last because winter in Maine is supposed to be from the end of November to the beginning of April with only a couple of intermissions along the way.

With this off-again, on-again spring, though, our thinking is slowly being changed. We rather expect

Jay's Journal

by Jay Burns



every storm that hovers over North Carolina to scoot out to sea. When snow does fall, we now expect the fall to be light and to melt by the next day.

The change in the weather in the last two years has made itself known in my eyes by how the high school baseball schedule has changed.

High school baseball in Maine is a very capricious sport. The team that is most successful is the one that can get the most real baseball under their belts by the time the season starts. When Hank Burns started coaching at Oxford Hills High School, the retiring coach, Dave MacGregor, told him "you can't get on the field until April vacation." In the last two years the team has been on the field by the end of March. Now this doesn't mean that Mr. MacGregor was ignorant of when he could play on his own field—on the contrary, he was dead right. Normally, the baseball field at most northern schools is too muddy and/or snowy to play on until about the second week in April.

In fact, the Oxford Hills team used to schedule a double-header with Traip Academy in Kittery for the sole reason of getting in a couple of games before the season started. The regular spring schedule would consist of hitting grounders, running sprints, and practicing bunt defense in the gym until the second Saturday in April when the team would travel to Traip for the double-header. Then back in the gym for a few more days until the field was finally playable.

But with virtually no snowpack for the last two winters, the schedule has changed; we have been on the field much earlier. The revised spring schedule runs as follows: in the gymnasium until the third week of March when we gleefully run outdoors to practice in the right corner of the field; a week later on the infield for intrasquad games. We still travel to Traip Academy because it's warmer and a little drier. But they could probably come up to Oxford Hills just as easily.

But let's once and for all bury the winter and early spring of 1981 and

concentrate on matters at hand: the merry month of May.

By May the weather map has changed drastically from its appearance in the winter. Winter storms are found mostly along the coast, over the Gulf of Mexico, and over the Great Lakes, where the air is relatively warm and moist.

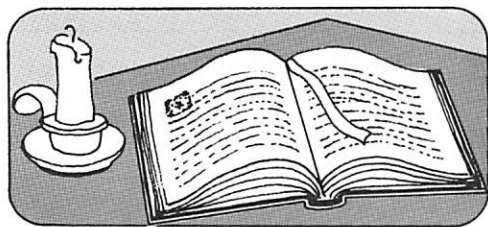
But by May solar radiation has increased a great deal since the winter low. Now the Great Lakes are actually cooler than the land, which has warmed up a great deal. Land masses always have a much greater temperature range through the year than large bodies of water—cooler in winter, warmer in summer.

So with the Great Lakes cooler than the land masses, high pressure systems now form over the lakes. Highs form where the air is heavy and cool. Now we find highs a common sight over the Great Lakes instead of storms, directly affecting our weather. They act as blocking regions, funneling storms up through Canada instead of straight across the northern United States toward Maine. And since highs generally move slower than lows, the weather slows down, sometimes almost becoming stationary under the blocking influences of the dominant and slow-moving highs.

In addition to the decreased storm activity from the Great Lakes, the storm track from the south and coastal areas decreases in importance as dry westerly winds now occupy the areas over the Gulf of Mexico and the South Atlantic coast.

So the weather map turns from sinister mid-winter to a fair late-spring look. This pattern will ease Maine into a pleasant summer pattern which continues the trend toward fair weather and slow-moving weather systems.

Jay Burns is an outstanding athlete on the baseball team coached by his father, Hank Burns, at Oxford Hills High School. He is a Waterford resident heading for graduation this spring.



Off The Shelf

by Wini Drag

Come Spring

Ben Ames Williams

(Down East Magazine Press,
Camden, Maine. Original—
Houghton-Mifflin Co., 1940)

With the coming of spring, the worse parts of a Maine winter can quickly be forgotten. Even relatively mild winters such as we've experienced the past two years do not obliterate the yearning for spring as the days of the new year stretch longer and longer. It seems inborn that no matter how terrible things are, somehow everything will be better—come spring.

This theme is powerfully carried through Ben Ames Williams' book **Come Spring**, originally published in 1940 and now being reprinted by Down East Magazine Press. The book chronicles the settlement of the town of Union, Maine, centering on the events occurring during the years 1776-1784.

While it is the story of a town, it is more the story of people; the ordinary people who were simply doing what they had to do.

It is the story of Mima, who was 19 years old when she journeyed up the river from Boston with her family, seeking a new life in the virgin land of Maine.

Mima, wondering about the unknown ahead but not fearing it, is herself a symbol of this new life. As she watches the evening sky from the small boat, she muses, "The preachers spoke of immortality as though it were as far away as the stars; but was it not immortality to pass on a part of your life to make another one?"

Some readers might find the almost-900 pages defeating. It does get off to a slow start and the journey up the river seems terribly long, but a lot of background information is given there which sets the scene for the drama that unfolds in the remainder of the book.

What strikes one most is the dogged determination of the people to get through the day or the week. They did

not view themselves as the strong, brave forerunners of a great state and nation. Nor did they even imagine themselves significant in the settlement of a Maine village. They were just there and just living.

The author says the book is "an attempt to tell the story of the founding of a small Maine town by ordinary people in what was then an ordinary way." But because of his capable writing skills, Williams' historical novel is packed with ordinary observations by ordinary people which emerge as extraordinary truths by extraordinary individuals.

Basing much of his research on diaries kept during these years, Williams has been able to get to the very fiber of the characters. All the characters in the book are real, even to their names, and all the events described did occur. Etched into each page are the common-sense beliefs that helped in the struggle to survive—to deal with life as it was dealt to them: the disappointments of burning barns filled with winter grain, failure of crops, accidents, new babies losing their own battles, the far-away war which came so close and touched their families; and the happy moments of the barn raisings, the get-togethers, bringing home the winter meat, the young lovers building their own homes.

The Revolutionary War did have a major impact on the settlement—especially on the men who felt it was their duty to go and fight. Mima's simplistic philosophy could not accept this. Her world was that small clearing in the wilderness. And she said so: "Men are queer . . . getting so excited about what's happening way off somewhere (the landing of the British at the present site of Castine). Our job is making our farms, having our babies, and doing the best we know how. Fretting and talking about the rest doesn't do any good. It just uses up our strength . . ."

The first winters spent in the wilderness with the threat of cold and hunger more real than the British or

the rumored Indian menace were hard, but spring would come and the hope of a better year with it. Mima's mother, who had little control over what was happening yet came through as a solid base of strength, expressed winter's hold so poignantly to Mima: "Winter's like waking up in the night and you get started worrying about something 'til you think the world will never be the right color again. I wish there was some way you could realize, in the night, that things'll look better in the morning. They always do. Winter's the same. Seemed like to me some days last winter, I couldn't stand it, but we were all right, come spring." Yet it was that last winter described in the book that tested Mima, her mother, and the others to the very depth of their being.

When you love to read, you hate to come to the end of a good book—especially one as completely engrossing as **Come Spring**, so I was pleasantly surprised; yes, I might even say thrilled, when I read the post-script telling about the characters' lives long after the book's narrative ends.

Come Spring has often been described as the best of Ben Ames Williams' 39 books. While having read only a couple, I can only urge the reading of this large tome solely on the basis of its own strength. Now I'm anxious to read his Civil War historical novel titled **House Divided** (published in 1947) on which he spent 29 years doing research and 2-1/2 years writing it.

Williams, though a native of Macon, Mississippi, started his writing career as a reporter for the *Boston American*. He adopted Maine and featured its people in many of his books (though occasionally a little from his Southern and Middle Western boyhood crept in). After marrying a woman whose father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were sea captains, he spent much of his time in Searsmont, Maine—later popularized in his *Post* magazine stories and as the book **Fraternity Village**, which is also still being published.

Wini Drag owns and operates the Haunted Book Shop on Paris Hill as a dealer in old books.

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For the Shakers, Christ's Second Coming was not to be one of great rapture and ascension to heaven amid clouds of angels, but rather one of quiet joy within the hearts and minds of individuals who attempted to live daily life as angels in a heaven on earth.

dedicated themselves and their property to this Christian communitarianism.

Father James Whittaker, 33, was the logical successor to the leadership of the Shakers. One of the original English flock, he set about building the first Shaker meeting house in 1785. It was gambrel-roofed and spireless—a humble, sturdy structure which was eventually duplicated in many Shaker communities. It symbolized the unity, strength, and simplicity by which the Shakers chose to live.

Father James was strict and chaste, and he ordered the Shaker meetings to preserve those qualities among the Believers. From the time of the building of the first meeting house, brothers and sisters were to use different doors, sit on opposite sides of the room, and not converse during worship. Those were rules that were to govern Shaker meetings, dwelling houses, and mealtimes until just recently. They were understood, though, to be a pattern for good living, not a dogma.

Father James kept to the missionary trail until his own early death, from exhaustion, at age 36. In 1787, then, the leadership of the Shakers passed to two people: Father Joseph Meacham and Mother Lucy Wright. Thereafter, the government of the sect was one of ritualized—and unique—sexual equality. Men and women in this group, unlike anywhere else in that century, especially religious orders, were co-partners. The spirit of God was present in *each* person.

That year began the great gathering in of brothers and sisters from the scattered farms to communities by Father Joseph. By December, New Lebanon was full of people and the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing was officially begun. Family life for the Shakers changed from then on.

By 1794 there were Shaker communities all over New England, in places like Harvard, Hancock and Shirley in Massachusetts; Enfield in Connecticut. Life in one community

was essentially the same as in any other: Sisters and brothers lived in "family" groups led by Elders and Eldresses (for spiritual guidance) and Deacons and Deaconesses (for accounts, deeds, correspondence, etc.). Several family groups might be gathered in one community with one Mother and Father for them all.

Days were closely organized: prayer at opening and closing of the day, chores all day except Sunday. Women lived with women and did the chores that they knew best, and the same for men. Children lived in boys and girls' cottages and were taught a good, basic education (in fact, Shakers were the first to start schools in many towns). There were many children at first as whole families joined the order—parents forsaking their marriage vows to live a sinless life as brothers and sisters. Later, orphaned children were taken in and raised by the Believers.

No child was forced to live out his or her life as a Shaker—it was the choice of each young person whether to stay or not at his majority. If they decided to leave, the Shakers gave them a not inconsiderable amount of goods or money to start them on their way.

It was not easy to become a Shaker: they never wanted people who were running away from the world's problems, but only those who sincerely wished to run to a dedicated life out of the world's sin and temptation in "principle centers of union." (Meacham).

There were three steps (or orders) to enter. The first, like a novitiate, allowed a person to come to be sure of commitment by participating in the worship of the community without joining it. The second was one of greater commitment and living with the Shakers, but still allowed the person to keep his or her possessions in the world.

The ultimate step was, of course, an agreement to sever connections with the world, to sign the covenant of the society, and to give all possessions into community ownership.

This may be difficult for modern people to understand. The Shaker commitments were never meant as

denials or to take something away but to give to each person a sense of fulfillment.

Celibacy is the rule which most puzzles people today. Its purpose was to end the contention and pressure of a secular life, thereby freeing one for a spiritual life, a calm brotherhood or sisterhood.

The rule of community ownership and separation from the world was to keep the temptation of thinking too much about the importance of "things" away from the relationship to God and each other. And confession was also positive—it served to air difficulties between people and difficulties one had with oneself.

The purpose of living thusly was spelled out quite succinctly in an old hymn which has come down to us through incorporation in other churches' hymnals:

*'Tis the gift to be simple,
'Tis the gift to be free
'Tis the gift to come down
where we ought to be.
And when we find ourselves
in the place just right,
'Twill be in the valley of love
and delight . . .*

The emphasis on living as kindly as angels carried over into all aspects of their community. Not merely pacifism, but non-violence in all language and action was the byword. To do all the good they could to all the people they could in all the ways they could was the way that Shakers tried to bring heaven on earth.

Simplicity and *Unity* became the goals. Simplicity meant that a Shaker should "seem to be what he was and be what he seemed." It was total honesty. Unity—not uniformity—of the spirit meant that one would be supportive of another even though he or she did not agree.

Just like the famous "Tree of Life" spirit drawing done by Sister Hannah Cohoon from one of her mystical dreams in 1854, the Shaker order was ever-growing, ever-changing, adjusting to life's demands in search of perfection and fulfillment. Next month we will see how the fruit of that tree of life grew and continues to grow even today.

N.M.

**In June: Part II
At Sabbathday Lake**

... Page 27 Allegory

colleagues think you a fool, watering, pinching, fertilizing, whispering to your plants when you could be counting your money. *You* teach them the merits of living plants, Jean-Paul."

"Touché, Michel, touché. But how do we promote quality in our business without sounding like an unhinged saint? How can we teach compassion for the customer? Our patrons want so badly just to talk with us, to be understood, and to receive in return a piece of our own humanity. The essence of our business is to care for our guests. How can we convince our colleagues of the futility of status, power and possessions?"

"Jean-Paul, the answer is not with educating our colleagues. One becomes addicted to the short-cut I am afraid. Save education for the patron. He is, after all, as much to blame for the decline of Quality as anyone, and perhaps more in position to fight it by his own demands. Teach the patron, Jean-Paul, what *living* plants can do for a man."

(to be concluded next month)

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Can You Place It?

Last month's **Can You Place It?** was identified as many places, but those who identified it correctly as the Hartford Town Hall (built 1921-22) were: Marge Pettingill, Anna Henderson, Gwen Campbell, Lorraine Greig (all of whom live over that way), and Millie Newton of Buckfield. Marge Pettingill was the first to identify it and will win a year's free subscription to **BitterSweet**. We always welcome identifications, letters, and loaned pictures of unusual places or things, past or present. We will return them gladly; please include a self-addressed stamped envelope or arrange to pick them up at our office.

As part of our summer events special coverage over the next three months, watch for more about Hartford and its Heritage Days.



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Goings On

MUSIC

GOSPEL MUSIC: The "Northern Lights," a gospel singing group, will present an auction, supper, and musical entertainment Sun. May 3, Bryant Pond Grange Hall, 3 p.m. "Northern Lights" are available for presentation of their 1981 program of Christian music. Please contact Bill or Ernestine Riley for details at Bryant Pond 88-12.

AMERICANA II: Billings To Broadway (the best of American choral music) to be presented by Portland Choral Art Society, Sat. June 6, Trinity Episcopal Church, Coyle St. & Forest Ave., Portland, 3 p.m. Admission.

FIRST AND FRIENDS: Chorus concert of Mozart's *Regine Coeli*, Brahms' *Zigeunerlieder*, English madrigals and catches. Directed by Peter Frewen, accompanied by Pamela Chodosh, Sat. May 16, First Congregational Church, East Main St., So. Paris, 7:30 p.m. Sponsored by Fine Arts Board of First Congregational with LPL Plus APL. Donations at the door, reception following.

THEATRE

JUST AROUND THE CORNER THEATRE COMPANY: Children's participatory theatre with a piece of music and dance entitled "Monkey, A Folk Tale of Ancient China," Multi-Purpose Center, Birch St., Lewiston. Sponsored by LPL Plus APL, Weds. May 13, 3:30 p.m. Free.

ART

ART TOO TWO: Art Show sponsored by First and Friends at the Western Maine Art Center, Norway, May 9, 10 & 11. Sponsored by Fine Arts Board of First Congregational Church, South Paris and LPL Plus APL.

WESTERN MAINE ART GROUP SUMMER CALENDAR: Begins with Twentieth Annual Members' Show, June 30-July 12, Matolcsy Gallery, Norway. Hrs.: 9-5 Tues.-Sat. Closed Sun. & Mon. Admission charged.

ETC.

BREAKFAST: Sponsored by Ladies' Circle of Harrison Calvary Community Church (in their newly-renovated facilities) June 24, 8-10 a.m.

RUMMAGE SALE: Harrison Calvary Community Church, June 17, 9 a.m.-1 p.m. (Lunch available.)

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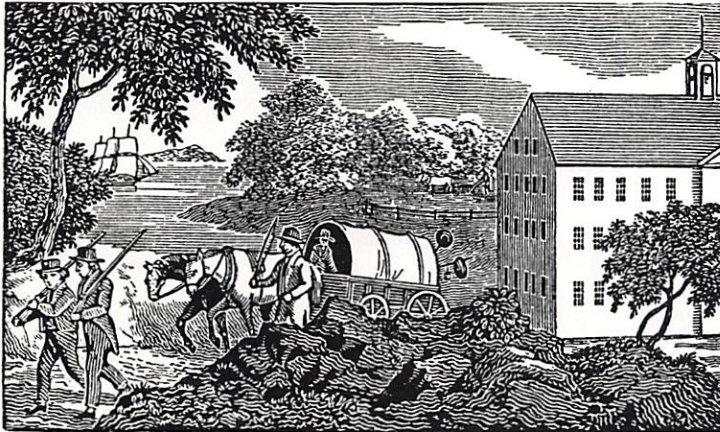
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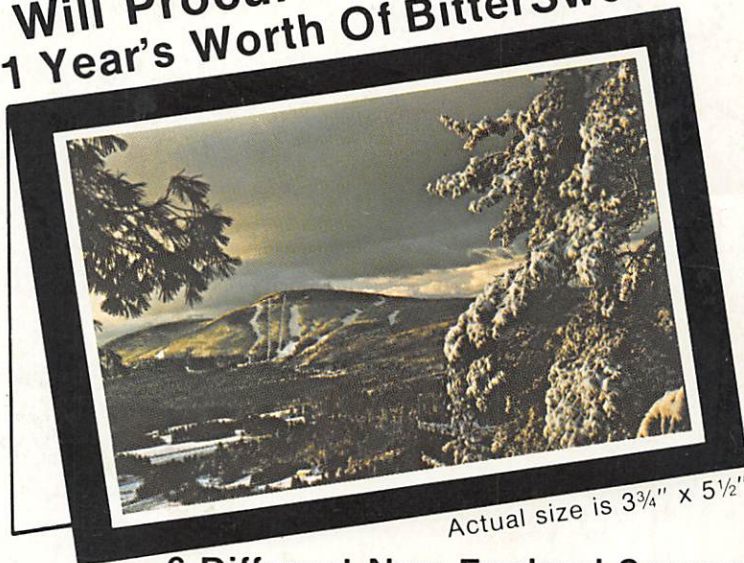
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